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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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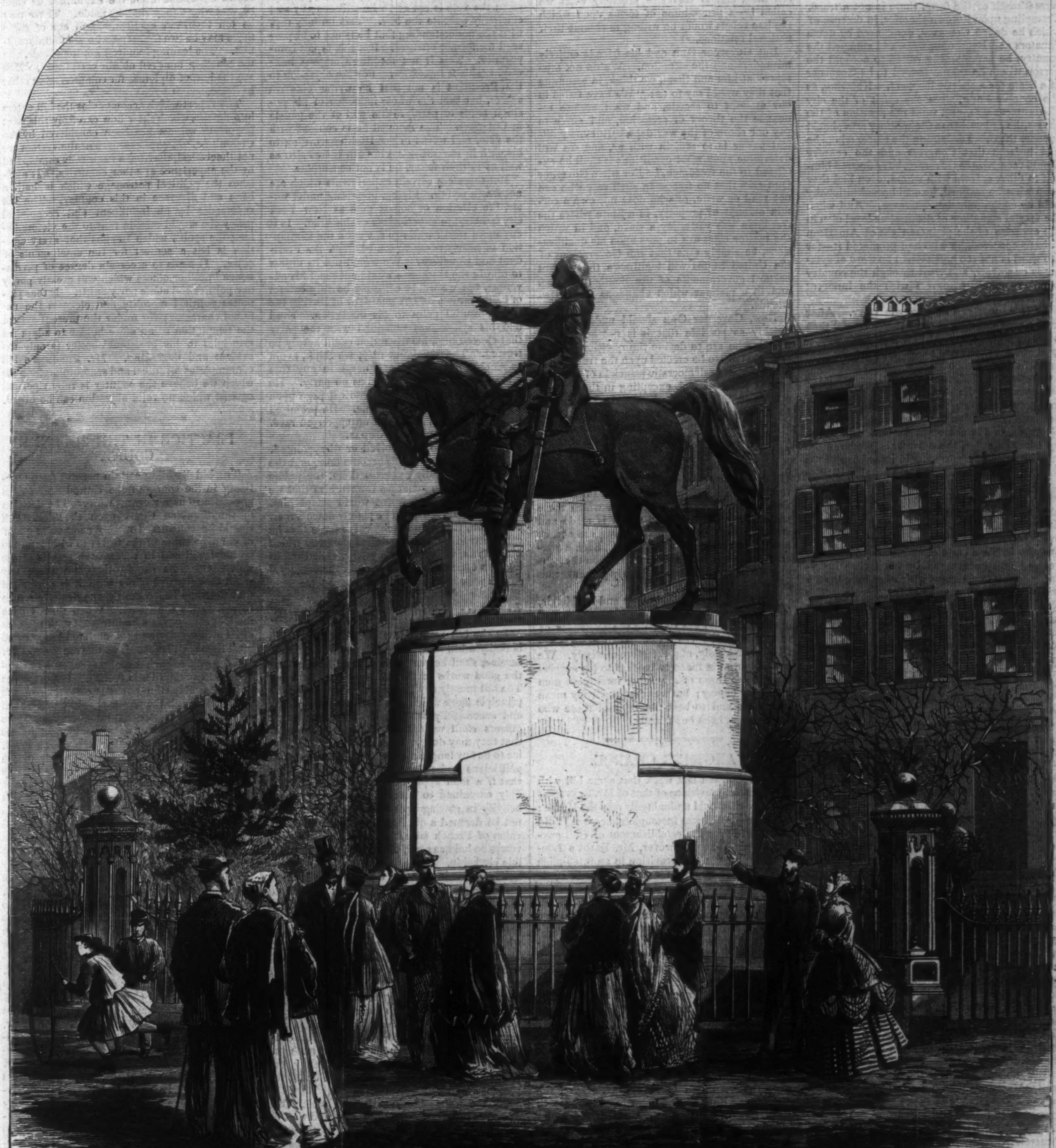


EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 132.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 2, 1867.

THE LOUISIANA BILL.

Mr. ELIOT'S Louisiana bill was promptly passed by the House; nor was it surprising. for the report of the New Orleans Committee reveals the appalling situation resulting from the attempt to reorganize civil government by the late rebels. The thing most hated in the city of New Orleans is evidently steady fidelity to the Union. That the hatred is honest only makes it more deadly. The massacre of loyal men was deliberately planned and terribly executed. Nor can any one doubt that one of the conspirators, if not by position the ringleader, was Mayor Monroe, a fierce and notorious rebel whom the President pardoned into office.

Of the President's part in the tragedy it is most painful to speak. Of the slightest sympathy with loyal men or of the least wish to inform himself of the facts, there is not a trace. Trampling upon his own theories, in defense of which he defied Congress, denounced by name Senators and Representatives, and stumped the country, he peremptorily called to account the person whom he acknowledged to be Governor of a State for a strictly local act. Knowing, as the country knew, what the spirit of the city Government was, and what the decision of the courts, he ordered that the military arm should support them. Disdaining the officer whom he had insisted that Congress and the country should recognize as Governor, he addressed himself to other officers with whom, even had they been what he claimed, he could constitutionally hold no communication whatever. And when the fearful slaughter of defenseless loyal men in the exercise of the plainest right of American citizens occurred, he who had promoted it—for the word is not too harsh—had no word of sympathy or sorrow, and went through the country trying to smear Congress with the innocent blood that cried to Heaven.

It is a very sad and solemn story. After half a year the details are not less fearful than when they were first known. They have steadily accused us who are responsible for the government of the country and for the ample defense of all our fellow-citizens. Except for the countenance of the President the New Orleans massacre had not taken place. Except for his persistent opposition to the will of the people in Congress, of his contempt for experience and for common-sense, the universal disorder in the lately rebellious section would have been in the way of pacification. The old rebel spirit has counted upon him. Invited by him, it has scornfully rejected the Amendment. Relying upon him, it has outraged and murdered and continues to outrage and murder loyal citizens of every color. The doubt, confusion, and virtual anarchy in Texas and elsewhere have been developed and encouraged by his foolish insistence that an experiment which has long been a tragical failure is a triumphant success. The New Orleans report is an indictment of the whole Presidential policy. It is now seen to have been wrong in its theory and fatal in its results. It proposed to build loyal Governments upon disloyal men, and to leave the security of the rights of the freedmen to those who hated them for being free.

That the policy was not at once repudiated was due to reasons which we have heretofore explained. That it was wise to try the experiment when once it was begun we have always thought and still think. That its failure is total and terrible we have long distinctly declared. Mr. Eliot's bill proposes to begin anew, and to build up a stable foundation. Its principle is, that the civil Government of Louisiana must spring from the loyal and not the rebel element of the population. Its chief defect, in our judgment, is the extent of the disfranchisement. There are thousands of people in the Southern States who believed in "the South" and fought more zealously for it than Toombs or Wigfall who are thoroughly disenchanted, who have sincerely acquiesced, and who would most willingly see the leaders punished. Mr. Eliot's bill permits such to vote after a certain process; but it seems to us that it would have been wiser to exclude a certain specified class from the polls and from office, and to allow all the rest to vote. The reason is, that a vast disfranchised class of those who have been always honored as masters and leaders, is a dangerous class; while, by making it small, it is the interest of all others to support the Government.

But no bill could be entirely satisfactory, while this avoids many of the theoretical difficulties which trouble so many minds. Political metaphysics have been exhausted. Whether the late rebel States can or can not ratify an Amendment—whether if they can, they should not be represented—whether if they can, they may be required to ratify as a condition for enjoying an unconditional right, are the questions around which Congressional schoolmen have spun their webs, but without catching the conscience or common-sense of the country. That sense and conscience have determined that the rebel States shall be restored only when proper guarantees have been obtained; that loyal governments are no more to be expected of disloyal men than figs of thistles; and that innocent citizens of the United States shall be every where protected by the United States. If that is centralization, make the most of it. Mr. Eliot's bill begins at the right end, and we hope that it will become law without much change.

WHAT GOVERNOR ORR SAYS.

Governor Orr, of South Carolina, one of the most fiery secessionists of 1861, and the most conspicuous Southern member of the Johnson Philadelphia Convention of 1866, which he entered leaning upon the arm of General Couch, amidst prolonged and enthusiastic weeping, which extended to the White House, is still one of the most prominent Southern gentlemen in the debate upon reconstruction. He favors the Dixon amendment, because he thinks it would satisfy all moderate men upon both sides. It came, Governor Orr informs us, from Southern men, and is therefore precisely what we called it—a programme of terms upon which the late rebels would be willing to resume their national relations.

But Governor Orr and his friends entirely misunderstand the situation. We do not misrepresent him and them, we think, in assuming that they would say to us: "We have failed in our attempt to secede, and we therefore renounce the theory of secession, and agree to pay our share of the war debt. But the political power is to remain with us, and we will determine upon what conditions it shall be extended to the freedmen." For when Governor Orr asks that no freedman shall vote who can not read or write, or who does not own a certain amount of property, in a State where the freedman was yesterday a slave, and in which the master class are to pass upon his qualifications, he simply asks that the Government of the United States will legitimate the present bastard governments of the Southern States, and in a manner which abandons their tried friends.

Now, Governor Orr should understand as quickly as possible that it is not he and his friends who are to decide the question. Governments are to be erected upon the true American republican democratic principle of the consent of the governed, excepting in the case of certain chief offenders, who for the present are to be excluded. In the State of South Carolina half of the governed are freedmen, very few of whom can read or write, and still fewer of whom hold any property. Yet as a class they are and have been steadily faithful to the United States. Does Governor Orr honestly think that the United States ought to be satisfied with a State Government in which these people have no voice, and which is made and supported by those whom he knows are not, as a mass, truly loyal to the Union? Such a government is not only not founded upon the consent of the people, but it directly prevents that consent being obtained.

Thus, it is not Governor Orr and his friends, it is we, the loyal defenders of the Union and our friends, who are to settle the principles of reorganization. We do not mean to do it unfairly or unkindly, and therefore unwisely. We certainly do not mean to be deaf to his suggestions, or to those of any other intelligent man lately our enemy; but we most positively mean to consult and to hear the voice of those who have always been our friends.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

We remarked last week that some bill with the essential provisions of that of Mr. Stevens's Military bill would undoubtedly pass the House; but that his bill was incomplete, because it did not provide for the establishment of civil government. When, however, Mr. Eliot's Louisiana bill made this provision in an intelligible and thorough manner for one State, it was evident that it could be substantially and immediately applied to others, and the Military bill was promptly passed by the House. The two bills are, however, incompatible. The Louisiana bill submits the military to the civil authorities which Congress provides, while the Military bill authorizes the military power to supersede all civil process.

Senator Fessenden said in the Senate that the Military bill received the unanimous support of the Reconstruction Committee, excepting, we suppose, Mr. Rogers of New Jersey. It will, of course, be vetoed by the President if it reaches him in time, and the Louisiana bill likewise. They will both probably be passed over the veto and become laws. Then the President's duty will be unmistakable. It will lie plainly in sight of the country. If he evades or refuses the execution of the law, there is nobody so blind as not to see that he defeats the intention of the executive office, and that the most vital laws must remain unexecuted.

During the debate upon the Military bill in the House it was insinuated by Messrs. Banks and Raymond that there was some prospect of reaching an understanding with the President. It was, as we know, currently rumored in private conversation also that he was anxious to compromise; and there were published reports of caucuses and conversations tending to the harmony of the two branches of the Government. Now we do not wish to be led astray by precedents, or resemblances, or historical parallels; but we can not forget that it was after Charles I. had assented to the Grand Remonstrance that he arrested the five members. We are not supposing a parallel, for it does not exist. A King of England two centuries ago is not to be compared with a President of the United States. But human nature is always the same.

If the President honestly thinks that the laws which are submitted to him are unconstitutional he ought to veto them. If he offers not to veto them upon any condition whatever he reveals his dishonesty. Nor can we conceive any grounds of what is called compromise. Either he must yield the very fundamental principle which he has constantly asserted or Congress must agree with him. There is no middle ground. He may indeed say that although he must veto as his conscience commands, yet that when the veto is set aside he will heartily and efficiently execute the law. This he may say, with the understanding that he is not to be pursued for former offenses. But this is not compromise. This is not meeting Congress halfway. This is surrender. For the objection to the President is not that he writes abortive vetoes, but that the whole influence of his position tends to paralyze the will of the people in Congress. The moment he is content with the veto, and works in good faith according to his oath in executing the laws in their spirit as well as in their letter, he is not censurable.

But there are certain experiments which are not worth trying. Flying, breathing under water, the election of honest men as New York city fathers, are experiments of this kind. Is it any more worth while to act upon the assumption of hearty co-operation between the President and Congress? We would not be unjust to him in the least—we would not repel his advances, but we would certainly be very careful of being thrown off our guard, or of leaving the least essential point to his discretion. Even had his sympathies remained with the party that elected him, his discretion could hardly be trusted. The President may, we think, avoid impeachment; but he can never in any true sense recover himself. He has no party. He has no future, except the historical page upon which he has written his name. He promised to write it as the Moses of an oppressed race. He has written it as their Judas.

It is foolish to be deceived or disappointed. If the reconstruction bills become laws, and the President faithfully executes them, the public feeling will be so generous toward him that we should think the prospect would tempt him. If they become laws, and he plainly defeats their execution, it is by no technical defense that he can be saved from that action of Congress which Mr. Banks, with solemn mystery, called "taking into consideration the state of the country."

REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

If the bill reported by Mr. Jenckes, which is really a bill to secure efficiency in the public service, shall become a law, it will be among the good works of the Thirty-ninth Congress. The bill merely applies to the public service the principle upon which private business is wisely and successfully conducted. It proposes that officers shall understand their duty in order that they may do it. It forbids the public service to be any longer a huge hospital for spavined politicians and noisy vagabonds. It provides that if a man applies for an office he shall be duly examined to ascertain his fitness; that activity in getting up political meetings shall not be deemed a qualification for deciding the value of French silks, nor ability to drum up voters be held as proof of capacity for a responsible clerkship.

The bill is in no sense a party bill. It takes care that whatever party may be in power no members of the party shall rob the public treasury by sheer incapacity; while the most competent candidates for office must be appointed, to whatever party they may chance to belong. There is to be a Commission of Examination, which is denounced as another centralizing movement. But how? Any candidate may present himself, and why is the recommendation of a Board likely to favor centralization? The appointing power remains the same, and since the list to be selected from is made up from the result of examinations and not from mere personal, or local, or partisan feeling, the danger of centralization is less than under the present system.

In the admirable speech with which Mr. Jenckes introduced the bill he showed that its principle has been always applied to the military and naval service, while the civil offices are merely the rewards of partisanship. The consequence is, that the country is poorly served at an enormous expense, while it is a discredit to a man's capacity to be in the subordinate civil posts. Under the present system the time of the Heads of Departments and of Members of Congress is squandered in the miserable conflict of insignificant appointments without regard to the essential qualification, and the President himself becomes a party to the inglorious strife. There is no valid reason whatever which can be urged for the present system, while its corrupting and perilous tendencies are plain.

The bill proposes to open admission to all. But experience shows that where all must submit to certain tests the number of applicants is sufficiently decreased. The highest talent among young men indeed, as Mr. Jenckes says, will naturally aim still for the great professional prizes; but there is always a large class of well-educated youth who wish immediate compensation, and who will be satisfied with slow and sure increase. Of these the most worthy will be appointed upon recommendation of a central Board of Examiners. This Board may sit at Washington, and having determined the minimum degree of qualification for every branch of the civil service, and every where in the country, they may call to their assistance the most competent persons. Thus if a hundred qualified persons are wanted at Washington, the Board determine what the examinations shall be, and where they shall be made. There may be ten thousand applicants, and out of these there may be two thousand who are found qualified. The leading hundred get the places, and the nineteen hundred obtain certificates, which are the best of diplomas for commercial or other business.

The report which accompanies the bill enters into details, which show how carefully this most important subject has been considered by the Committee. The advantages of the system are not theoretical, they have been fully established by the experience of other countries. It abolishes the political patronage which is both a bane and disgrace in this country. The bill supersedes by an intelligent and economical policy the stupid maxim that to the victors belong the spoils, which implies that every election is but a contest for the emoluments of office. It tends to a certain degree of permanence in minor offices which will greatly purify our politics and abate party-spirit. It thus promotes political morality and elevates the national character; for under the present system the temptation of an office-holder to adapt his principles to his bread-and-butter is only too evident and degrading. Mr. Jenckes's bill contemplates a radical and searching reform for which we believe the country is fully ripe, and against which no valid objection can be urged.

PRACTICE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

The bill disabling certain persons from practicing in the courts of the United States does not seem to us a wise measure. The decision of the Supreme Court upon the Test Oath should be considered merely as another proof of the disposition of the Court to withstand the national will and to reverse the results of the war. Congress should therefore spare any small and abortive blows until it is persuaded that the time has come by one decisive stroke to reorganize the Court. When that is done the Court may safely be intrusted with the care of its own dignity and the national honor; and until then such measures as this are ineffective.

To speak of such a reorganization as usurpation and revolution is foolish. Congress has unquestionably the power to reorganize the Court, although the power should be exercised only upon the most careful deliberation. The precedent of John Adams's midnight judges has been lately refreshed in the public mind. Upon the defeat of the Federal party in the country by the election of Jefferson a bill was brought in and passed enlarging the number of the judges, for the mere purpose of planting in one branch of the Government an opposition to the national will. The nominations were made and confirmed within a few hours of the end of Mr. Adams's Presidency. It was an adroit measure, for the judges are constitutionally appointed for life, and the effect of the action could be thwarted only by repealing the bill, which would legislate out of office judges who held for life. But early in Mr. Jefferson's Presidency the repeal was moved, and after an earnest and able debate was carried. Nor could there be any doubt either of the constitutionality or of the expediency of the repeal. The Constitution, under due safeguards, gives the power over the Court to Congress, and of course with the same intention that it gives Congress the power of impeachment; namely, that the popular will, represented in the Legislature, may not be factiously baffled by collusion between the Executive and the Judiciary. When, therefore, the Representatives saw that the Court had been made a vehicle of annoyance and delay to the national purpose, they very promptly and properly thwarted the intention. And whenever a similar purpose becomes clearly evident we trust that Congress will apply a similar remedy.

But, meanwhile, a law such as Mr. Boutwell has introduced will be vetoed by the President, and should it be passed over the veto will be pronounced unconstitutional by the Court; and although such a decision may be counted in the accumulation of proof as to the spirit and purpose of the Court, it will have less essential weight because the point will seem to have been raised for the purpose of eliciting the decision.

There is, however, another objection to the bill which is more serious. It virtually disables the entire bar of several States for practice in the United States Courts. It does not provide that those who have been convicted of treason shall be disqualified. Indeed conviction is not mentioned. It disables those who have participated in rebellion. But this is an unwise and unnecessary proscription. The object of legislation at this time should be merely the public security against plain and probable perils. But the practicing in a United States Court of a man who was in the rebel army, and who may, with thousands of others, have accepted the issue, is not a peril of any kind; while his exclusion inevitably arrays him against the Government. If he have not acquiesced, and is still rebellious in feeling, his exclusion certainly does not change his heart, while his presence would be less dangerous than his absence. If the Copperhead lawyers in the national courts did not seriously harm us during the war, how can an ex-rebel attorney hurt us now? Good policy seems to us to require that when the Constitution is amended so as to secure equal suffrage, when a certain class of rebel leaders are made ineligible to office at the pleasure of the people in Congress, when ample military provision is made for the maintenance of public order, and the public lands are wisely made accessible to the freedmen, all measures of punishment, any thing which looks like proscription, should be forborne.

The force of the great Union party which now controls the Government should be directed to great radical measures which will secure the results of the war. With such measures, when their wisdom is made apparent, the public mind will not quarrel. But the public patience is tried, and may easily be exhausted by teasing and little regulations.

FIRES AND INSURANCE RISKS.

THE extraordinary number of fires that have occurred the past year, and the appalling aggregate of losses resulting therefrom, have filled the country with alarm, and instituted a searching inquiry after causes and a remedy. The insurance companies are in despair. Most of them have suffered terribly. The greater portion have eaten up their surplus; many have fallen back upon their original capital stock; others are upon the verge of dissolution; while very few have been able to declare dividends. Some insurance officers have declared openly that they would prefer to close their books and wind up altogether; others refuse to take risks except those of the very best class, and then only at exorbitant rates. Meanwhile, as conflagration follows conflagration, property owners become more anxious than ever to effect insurance, notwithstanding the rates have advanced greatly upon all descriptions of property.

In the present epidemic of disaster there is a prevailing disposition in this city to charge the Fire Department with inefficiency, and to revive the discussion that attended the change from the volunteer to the paid system. It is claimed, through ignorance perhaps, that extraordinary tests have proved the impracticability of the new, or at least that it is capable of improvement in many respects. Probably none will deny the latter assumption, for it could hardly be expected to reach perfection during its first eighteen months of trial. While we do not purpose to discuss the comparative merits of the two systems, it may be well to produce a few facts which bear so directly upon the question as to determine, beyond cavil, the practical efficiency of the present Fire Department, as well as to acquit it of contributing indirectly to the immense aggregate of losses of which the country and the insurance companies justly complain. In the first place, it is an ascertained fact that the great burden of losses which have pressed upon the companies has not resulted from fires in this city, but in the country at large, and for which, of course, the New York Fire Department can not be held responsible. Taking the annually published report of the Fire Marshal for the year ending June, 1865, which was really the last year of the Volunteer system (although the Paid Department did not get into full working order until about the 1st of November ensuing), we find the number of fires to have been 359, involving a total loss of $6,219,199, or an average of $17,300 to each fire. On this insurance was paid to the amount of $2,809,859. For the year ending June, 1866 (being the first under the paid system), the number of fires was 399, and the total loss $7,920,711, on which $6,182,732 of insurance was paid. The average loss per fire was a trifle over $19,000. As a comparative statement this hardly does justice to either of the two systems, because it covers a period of more than three months when neither were in full and complete operation. However, it does not in the least show to the disadvantage of the present Fire Department. When the greatly enhanced value of mercantile commodities and real estate is taken into account, the increase in the amount of losses for the year last named is only apparent, not real. The percentage of insurance is seen to have increased in much greater ratio than the percentage of losses, showing not only an increased disposition on the part of the public to effect insurance, but less discrimination on the part of the companies in taking risks.

Since the report of last June the number of fires throughout the country, the aggregate of property destroyed, and the losses to insurance companies, have increased fully 30 per cent. Taking the losses for the month of January, which are stated at $6,650,000, as a basis, it is a reasonable estimate to put those of the eight months at double that amount, on which a two-thirds insurance has been paid. Of these losses and insurances a very large proportion has fallen upon New York. The number of fires in this city has also increased in like ratio, as we gather from the statistics of the Chief Engineer. They show that, for the year ending December 1, 1866, which embraces the last six months of the Fire Marshal's report already referred to, they reached a total of 785. Of the number of buildings on fire 616 were but slightly damaged, and only 48 totally destroyed. With 46 exceptions the flames were confined to the buildings in which they originated. In the months of December and January last there were 164 fires; buildings slightly damaged, 140; totally destroyed, 10. In all but seven cases the flames were confined to the buildings in which they originated. These are interesting facts, and do the Fire Department manifest credit for efficiency. The Department is not responsible for the origin of fires or their number; their task is to extinguish. The small percentage of buildings destroyed, and the comparatively few cases in which fires have extended, where houses are crowded together as they are in this city, make a favorable exhibit, and should elicit for the Department the praise of our citizens and put an end to complaints.

So far as New York and the large cities are concerned, we think it easy to explain the occasion of the extraordinary losses and number of fires. The period of general combustion began soon after the close of the war, when trade with the South was suddenly revived. Cotton, which had long been locked up, was forwarded rapidly to the North, and an increased quantity of other goods has been constantly in transit or stored in warehouse. Many buildings were unsafe, or unadapted for the purpose of storage—some so constructed with lifts or dummies as to afford drafts that presently kindled incipient fires into general conflagration. Many fires are found, upon investigation, to have originated in gross carelessness, especially cotton fires. In some cases the fire was carried to the warehouse in the bales. Immense values, vastly more than formerly, and often amounting to millions, were crowded into a single building. Now, goods in warehouse are almost invariably insured, often at an excessive valuation, even considering the present inflated prices. Goods have been and are too highly covered by insurance. Just here the insurance companies have only themselves to blame for a large portion of their losses. They have been too greedy of gain, like the rest of the people, in our period of prosperity and haste to get rich, and in accepting indiscriminate risks and insuring at too high a valuation have incurred a "moral hazard," as it is technically called, which has brought them to the brink of ruin; for eighteen months they have actually been offering a premium for incendiarism, for there is no period so dangerous to morals, or so fraught with temptation to defraud, as when values are unsettled, business depressed, and fluctuations in prices occur rapidly. That a very large proportion of the fires throughout the country have been incendiary, lacks *legal* proof only.

To remedy the difficulty and to preserve themselves from greater losses, as well as to secure the city from calamity, the insurance companies should decline for the present to insure for more than two-thirds the property value; there should be a proper and more careful supervision by the underwriters, who should fix certain stringent but just and reasonable rules, and if property owners refused to comply, then they should decline to insure; officers more competent should be appointed, who are more judicious in taking risks. With these as a basis of government we should expect the country as well as the insurance companies to find speedy relief. It is folly to complain of a thief when a premium is offered him to rob.

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

OUR own political situation naturally engrosses our attention; but that of other countries is not less interesting. While France withdraws her last troops from Mexico, and MAXIMILIAN quarrels with LOUIS NAPOLEON, the Southern German States gravitate toward Prussia, and BISMARCK sees events completing the marvelous victory of the summer. War is muttering in Turkey which, should it rise into a storm, must destroy the Mohammedan hold in Europe; and in Italy, the great successor of the great CAVOUR, RICASOLI, retires from office upon a proposition of absolute separation of Church and State, a revolution hardly less radical than emancipation in the United States. In England, the movement for political reform, at which, in the last spring, Mr. LOWE and the Conservative Liberals sneered, has become as resistless as the demand for universal suffrage in this country, of which Conservative Republicans a year ago were utterly incredulous. The vast procession that poured peaceably through the streets of London, bearing unmistakable mottoes, passing the princes of the blood in silence, but greeting the American Legation with long and tumultuous cheers, shows the purpose of the people to which every Ministry must yield.

The Queen is understood not to be averse to reform. Indeed, she was bred by the Whigs in the traditions of reform. But the tendency of the movement is unquestionably Republican. This may be conceded without apprehension. Every liberal, political policy springing from increasing popular intelligence is evidently to a purely popular elective system. An elective monarchy is a phantasm. It is useless to assert with some of the older English political philosophers that the chief difference between their system and a republic is, that in theirs the executive power is hereditary. The whole structure of their society is different. It is a society of classes, of which two are hereditary; and the State and the Church are united. Indeed, the difference between us is even greater in essence than in form.

England seems to be rapidly approaching a more radical revolution than she has ever experienced. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, in his late speech at Rochdale, says that the Reformers do not contemplate any change of dynasty or of the great features of the Government. But he admits that the Church has sore interior troubles, and declares that many of his hearers may see prodigious changes in the Church. But there can hardly be prodigious changes in the Church while the State remains unaltered. When the mass of the people are invested with political power the hereditary claim of an aristocratic class becomes untenably absurd. When men are politically equal, the assumption of a class to be hereditary and not elected legislators is futile. This is a truth which can not be long concealed from the English people, and which, indeed, they already begin to suspect. The great question in England, therefore, is not so much the extension of the suffrage, which is inevitable, but whether the revolution which that extension implies can be peacefully accomplished.

THE PETER FORCE LIBRARY.

MR. SPOFFORD, the Librarian of Congress, has made a very valuable Report to the joint Committee upon the Library in regard to the Historical Library of PETER FORCE. This collection is well known to scholars, and is undoubtedly the most celebrated collection in the country. Mr. SPOFFORD has devoted two or three hours a day for two months to its examination, and every book in the Library has passed through his hands. He reports its historical value to us as quite incalculable. The collection in detail of printed and manuscript works upon America is unequaled. It contains 245 bound volumes of American newspapers printed before 1800, besides 700 bound and unbound volumes of journals from 1800 to the present time. It contains 30,000 or 35,000 pamphlets relating to America. The Library of Congress has less than 6000. The FORCE Library has also not only a large, but a unique collection of maps and atlases illustrative of America. The manuscript correspondence is also most extensive and important, while the unpublished manuscript material of Mr. FORCE'S great work, the "American Archives," is perhaps most important of all.

The whole number of volumes is 22,529. If the pamphlets are counted it is about 60,000. Of these about 7850 volumes are already in the Library of Congress; and, taken as a whole, so extensive a collection of the most rare and valuable books and manuscripts relating to America could not now be made even with unlimited means. The New York Historical Society offered Mr. FORCE $100,000 for the collection, but failed to raise the money. A book-dealer has offered the same sum upon speculation, but Mr. FORCE does not wish to divide it. The most competent scholars think it well worth that price. Such a collection should, without any question, make part of the National Library. Once lost it can never be recovered; and even in the present situation of the Treasury the proper appropriation would be true economy.

A SUMMER JOURNEY.

THE proposed summer excursion to the Holy Land, Egypt, the Crimea, Greece, and other interesting points in the Mediterranean, is more attractive than it may at first appear. You go in a comfortable steamer, upon which, wherever you may be, you are at home. From the shores of France, Italy, Greece, Spain, Palestine, Sicily, and Egypt, you make excursions inland to chosen spots. You see with comfort many of the most historically and poetically interesting places in the world, and are spared a thousand annoyances and discomforts which poison the pleasure of travel. You are sure of friendship, sympathy, and care. In the most delightful season of the year you make one of the pleasantest voyages imaginable; you are gone for five months, and you pay twelve hundred and fifty dollars currency. All passages must be taken and paid for by April 15, and all applications for passage must be approved by a Committee, and addressed to CHARLES C. DUNCAN, 117 Wall Street.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Bankrupt Bill, somewhat amended, passed the Senate on February 12 by a vote of 22 to 20; and being returned to the House the amendments were nonconcurred in. The Senate insisted on its amendments, and a committee of conference was appointed.

The bill to establish a Provisional Government in Louisiana, and provide for the reorganization of that State on the basis of loyal and impartial suffrage, passed the House on February 12 by a vote sufficiently large if necessary to overcome a veto; but had not reached the Senate up to February 18.

Mr. Stevens's bill to establish military governments in the South, which provides for the division of the Southern States into five military districts, each to be commanded by a general officer of the army, was passed by the House on February 13 by a vote of 109 yeas to 55 nays. The bill reached the Senate on February 16 and was defeated. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, then offered a substitute retaining the principal provision—the division of the Southern States in five military districts—and after a debate which lasted until six o'clock the next (Sabbath) morning, it was passed by the decisive vote of 29 yeas to 10 nays. An amendment providing that no sentence of death under the act should be carried into execution without the approval of the President was adopted. As this bill in every important respect is identical with that of Mr. Stevens it will probably pass the House promptly and by a decisive vote, sufficiently strong to overcome the veto, which it will certainly encounter.

The bill equalizing the bounties of soldiers and sailors passed the House on February 15. It involves the payment of over $250,000,000 out of the Treasury as bounty money.

A bill nullifying the pardons of the President to such rebels as have not been tried and convicted was introduced into the House on February 18.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Senate on February 14 authorized the construction of a suspension bridge over the East River.

The same body on February 15 passed a bill extending the power of the Central Park Commissioners to all the parks of New York City.

Nothing else of importance was done, and both Houses of the Legislature adjourned on February 15 to meet again on February 25.

NEWS ITEMS.

Anna Dickinson, in her lecture on "Something to do," says the first money she ever earned was two shillings for scrubbing a pavement, which she spent to hear Wendell Philips lecture.

The secret mission of Frederick Seward to St. Domingo was to purchase that Island as a coaling station, but too much money was demanded for it.

A number of rebels in Parkesville, Kentucky, on February 17, hung a Union man named Carrier, the charge against him being that he had stolen a horse which he had captured from the rebels at the battle of Perryville.

The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill granting suffrage to the negroes, which had previously passed the House.

John H. Surratt, the accessory of Booth in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, has arrived at Washington, and is to be promptly tried.

The Kansas Legislature has adopted an Amendment striking the words "white" and "male" from the State Constitution, and making intelligence the basis of suffrage.

Alexander Dallas Bache, Chief of the United States Coast Survey, and a great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, died at Newport, Rhode Island, on February 17, aged sixty-one.

Mr. Peabody's gift to the Southern States for the education of their youth, is not very gratefully received. The Richmond *Dispatch*, Augusta *Chronicle*, and other leading papers, consider that the selection of Northern men for the majority of the trustees is "a gratuitous insult to the honor, intelligence, and manhood" of the South, that the fund is intended to educate "children at the South as Yankees," and they especially object that it is to be used for the education of negroes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A FENIAN uprising or Irish rebellion is reported by the telegraph to have occurred in County Kerry, Ireland; but so confused and contradictory have been the statements that it is impossible to define the extent and character of the affair. On February 11 about 1400 persons made their appearance simultaneously at the town of Chester, England, and though they were unarmed and made no warlike demonstrations, and intimated that they came to witness a prize fight, the frightened citizens called them Fenians, and telegraphed all over the country that they had endeavored to take the city. On February 14 the rising in Kerry County is reported to have taken place; but though long dispatches have stated that there were eight hundred Fenians in arms led by the redoubtable Stephens, the whole story is apparently based on the fact that the land telegraph wires to Cork were accidentally down. These were soon restored, and on February 18 Ireland was reported "perfectly quiet."

The *Corps Legislatif* of France assembled by decree of Napoleon on February 14, and the Emperor delivered an important speech. He announced postively his abandonment of the Mexican idea and the recall of the troops. He declared also that the great Powers ought to "act in concert to satisfy the Christians in the East, protect the rights of the Porte, and prevent complications." "Protection to the rights of the Porte," of course, means opposition to the southward progress of Russia, and the preservation of the balance of power. The perpetuation of Austria is declared to be "necessary to the balance of power."

The Czar of Russia has promised to protect the Christians of Crete if Turkey any longer refuses to treat them with equity.

The Reform party of England had a tremendous demonstration in London on February 12, but its desired effect on the populace was damaged by the wild rumor set afloat of rebellion in Ireland.

Victor Emanuel has dissolved his Cabinet, and ordered the election of a new Parliament. A new Cabinet was formed subsequently. The King's unexpected leniency to the Pope, and his injustice to the Romans in not at once carrying out the plan of unity for which the war was fought, appears to be at the bottom of his troubles. The election, which is ordered for March 10 next, will doubtless force him to abrogate the agreement with the Pope, and deprive that magnate of the last of his temporal possessions.

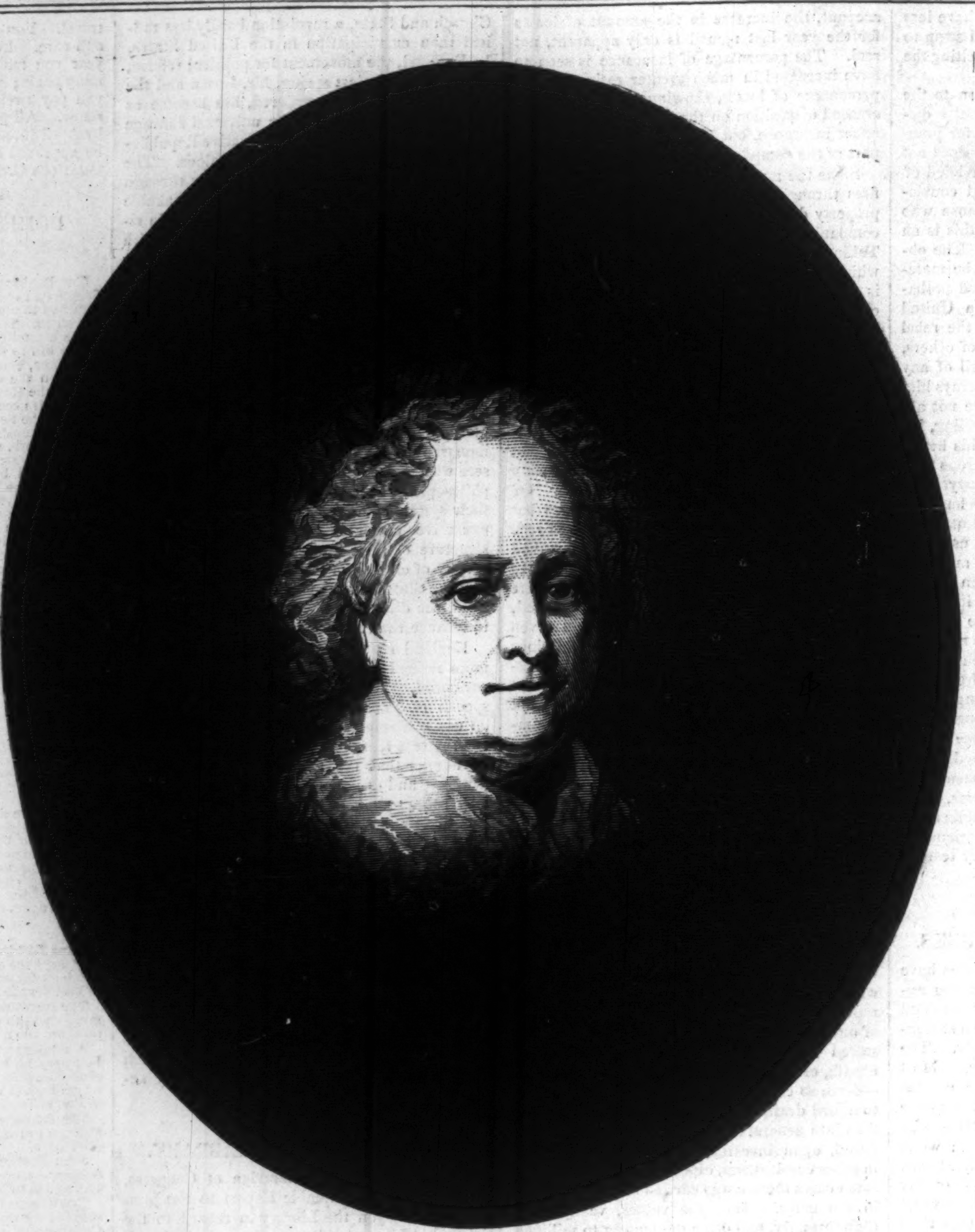
The great battle at Zacatecas, Mexico, reported in our last, turns out to have been a small affair. The Imperialists were defeated, and not the Liberals, as previously stated. A naval battle between the fleets of the Liberals and Imperialists is reported to have occurred off the bay of San Francisco on January 2[illegible], in which the former were totally defeated. The most important news from Mexico is to the effect that Mexico city was finally evacuated by the French troops on February 6, leaving its defense to General Marquez and the native imperial troops.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

We present to the readers of the *Weekly* in this issue three illustrations of particular interest in connection with the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of **Washington**'s birthday. On our first page will be found an accurate engraving, from a photograph by **Rockwood & Co.**, of the equestrian statue of **Washington** erected in Union Square, New York city. This work of art was designed and executed by **Henry K. Browne**, the sculptor. It was erected several years ago, and forms one of the principal attractions of the vicinity. A similar space on the opposite side of the square has been fittingly reserved as the site for the monument to be erected to the memory of **Abraham Lincoln**, the corner-stone of which has already been laid.

We also give an engraving of **Washington**'s Head-quarters at Newburg, one among the many places made sacred as well as memorable to the American people by Revolutionary events. The picture represents the house as it now appears, having been photographed for us by Mr. **C. A. Palmer**, of Newburg. The building, which is still known as the "Hasbrouck House," is situated in the southern suburbs of Newburg, and was the Head-quarters of **Washington** about the year 1783, and again at the close of the Revolution. The view as taken is from the north-west, and comprises the north gable and east or river front. From the piazza or *stoop* may be seen at a glance the historic grounds of Fishkill, New Windsor, Plamb Point, and Beacon Hills; and one may catch, away in the distance, a glimpse of West Point.

The house is substantially built of stone, and is now one hundred and seventeen years old. It has several peculiarities of architecture. The front-door, as seen in the engraving, opens into the dining-hall, used by **Washington** as his public reception-room. This room had seven doors and only one window. The fire-place in this same room was so spacious that **Eager**, in his "History of Orange County," declares that "a bullock might have been turned upon a spit in it." The house has no sign of plaster about it, the heavy timbers of the ceiling being every where exposed. Mrs. **Washington** was a resident of the Hasbrouck House during the summer of 1783, and devoted herself while here to gardening.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.—[Photographed from the Original Painting by Gilbert Stuart.]

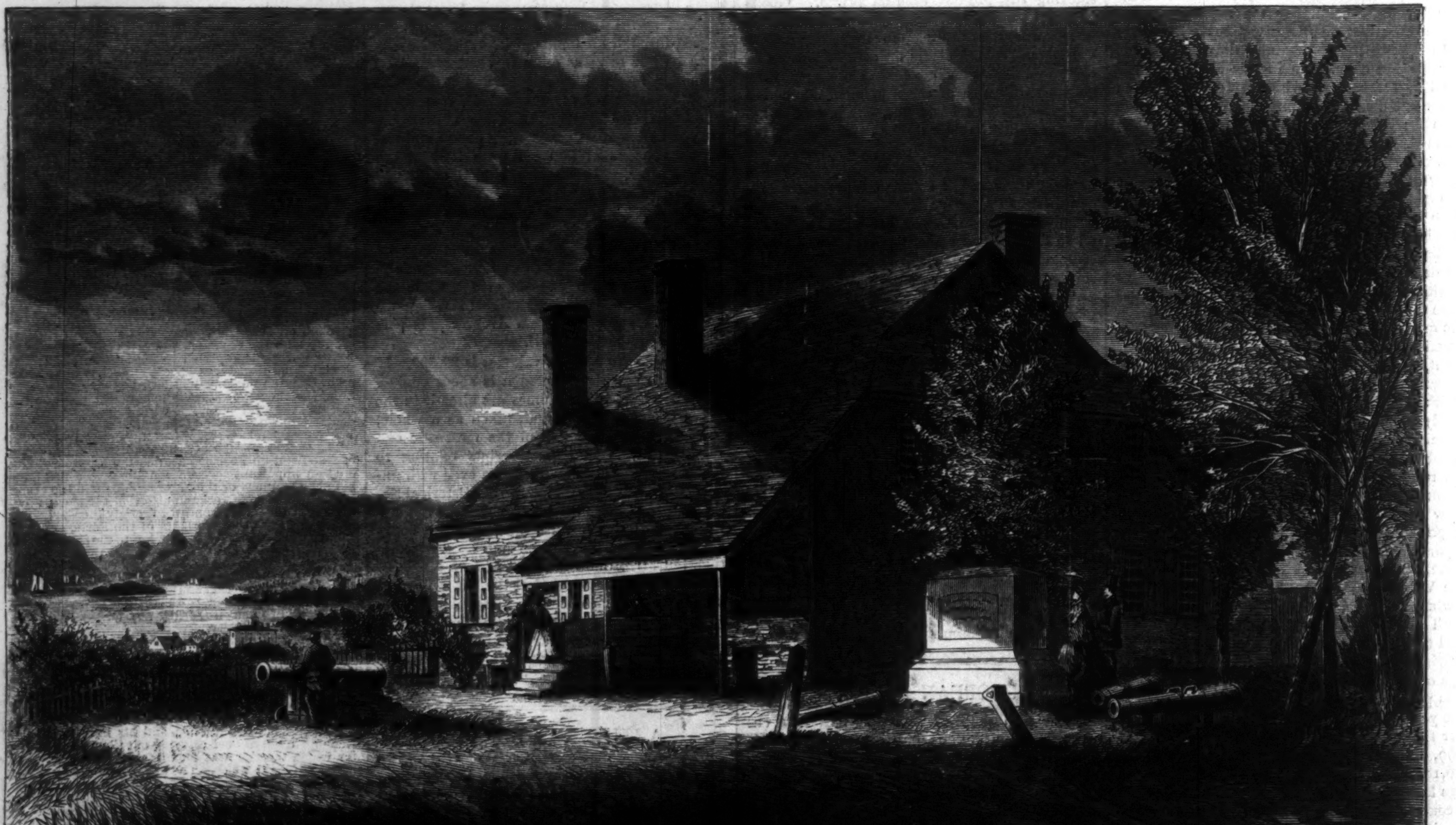
The house remained in the possession of the **Hasbrouck** family until 1848, when it was purchased by the State of New York, and some changes made by the mounting of cannon on the grounds around it, giving it a military look. A few alterations were made in the interior, which were intended to restore it to its original appearance at the time it was occupied by the "Father of his Country;" but the taste which dictated this is as doubtful as the success which attended the efforts appears to have been dubious.

Accompanying these engravings the reader will find an admirable picture of the wife of **Washington**. This massive and grand head, photographed from the original, by **Gilbert Stuart**, which is now in the Boston Athenæum, is now generally adopted as the best picture which exists of **Martha Washington**. Those who have studied the lovely character of the gentle Mrs. **Washington** will readily feel that this noble picture is the true one.

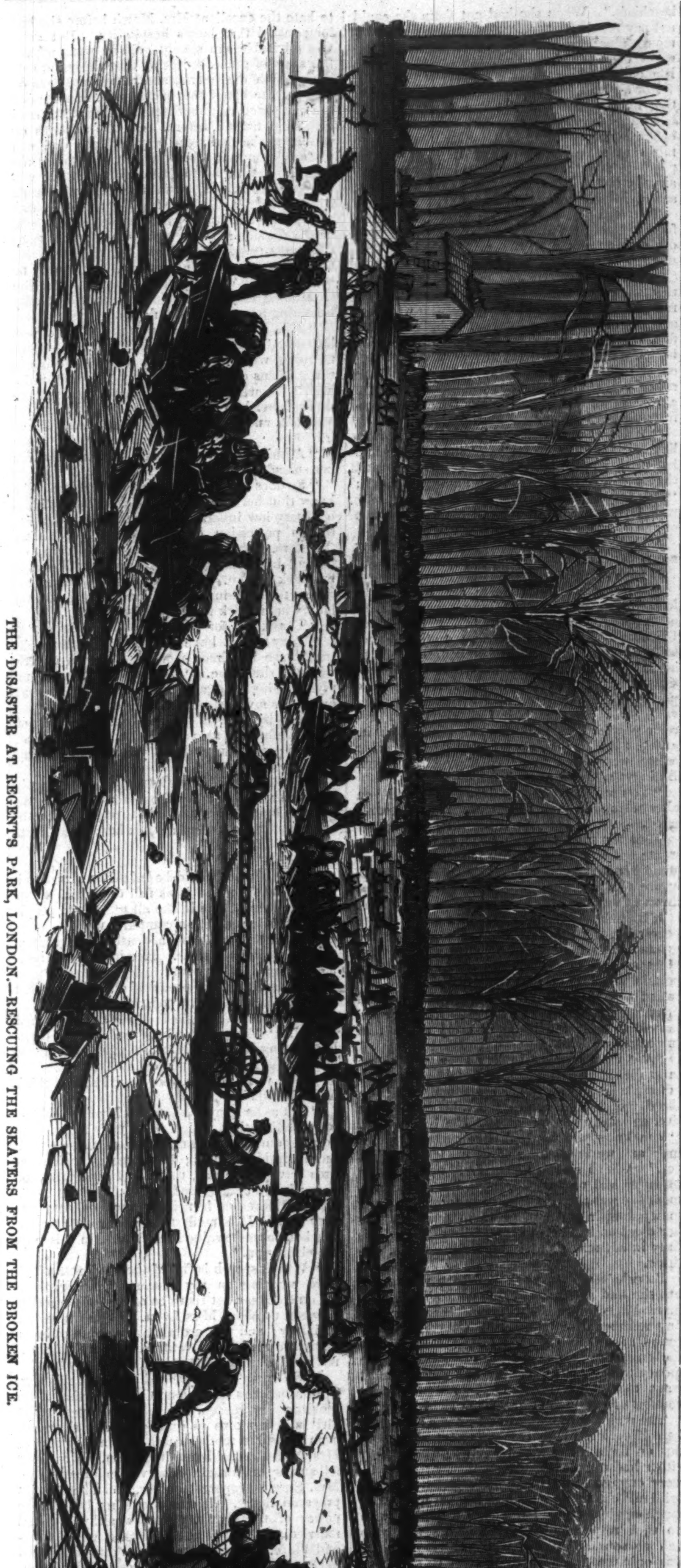
THE DISASTER AT REGENT'S PARK.

We give this week a graphic picture of the late terrible disaster which occurred on the lake at Regent's Park, London. Our sketch was taken immediately after the breaking of the ice, while the unfortunate skaters were yet struggling in the water, and shows the efforts made to rescue them.

At the time of the disaster there were five hundred skaters, many of them ladies, on the ice, and at least three thousand spectators looking on from the shores; and the excitement and fun were at their highest. The entire expanse of ice, covering nearly an acre of water, gave way according to some, exploded according to others, and was agitated as if by an earthquake. The fatal cracks are described as shooting with sharp reports in every conceivable direction, and with such rapidity that it seemed as if the giving way was simultaneous in each direction. Within a minute the whole sheet of the ice over the full width of the lake gave way, and split up into fragments of a few yards square. A general rush was made for the banks. Unfortunately, this broke up the soft ice into still smaller pieces. About two hundred persons were struggling in the water, and screaming for help. A few,



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURG.—[Photographed by C. A. Palmer, Newburg.]



THE DISASTER AT REGENTS PARK, LONDON.—RESCUING THE SKATERS FROM THE BROKEN ICE.

with great presence of mind, threw themselves flat upon the surface of the pieces of ice, and were thus instrumental in saving the lives of many of those in the water, as well as preserving their own until assistance came to them. The scene was most distressing for many minutes after the breaking of the ice: a multitude of people, among whom were several women and children, were struggling in the water, and trying to save themselves by holding the pieces of ice, and most of them screaming in despair. Of those on shore, a few were able to give prompt assistance to the nearest sufferers, and help them to scramble to land; but many were struck with horror and could do nothing but utter cries of lamentation. The icemen of the Royal Humane Society and the park-keepers, aided by some of the spectators, lost not a moment in bringing all their ropes, poles, ladders, and boats to the place, and endeavoring to rescue those who still remained above water, as is shown in our engraving. Thirty-three bodies were finally recovered from the water.

[Continued from No. 525.]

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

BLANCHE.

"DENBIGH STREET, Belgravia," was the address which Mrs. Lyon gave to all such correspondents as she desired to hear from. Her letters would have reached her a post or two sooner had she surrendered the truth, and permitted "Pimlico" to appear upon the envelopes. But "Belgravia" looked better, and Mrs. Lyon saw great cause for studying the look of things still.

"Denbigh Street, Belgravia, is my temporary abode, while my daughter is staying in the country," she had been saying in reply to all inquiries as to either her house or her child during the last six months. But now Blanche was coming back to her, a change was about to be made; and Mrs. Lyon was glancing forward hopefully to a time when lodgings, and difficulties about dinners—an overwhelming sense of utter inability to keep "litter" in the back-ground—and "herself" should be on less familiar terms.

Miss Lyon was expected home to dinner. She was to arrive in town a few days after Miss Talbot, and to be told on her arrival of the plans that had been formed for Miss Talbot's welfare. Mrs. Lyon was to be the communicant; and Mrs. Lyon, at the moment of her introduction into these pages, was looking forward tremblingly to her task.

She was a middle-aged, neutral-tinted woman, who had always found herself less well placed in the world than she had confidently expected to be, and who yet, withal, had never expected much. She had gone through life obeying mild impulses that invariably tended to convey her further from fortune, and all the delights appertaining thereunto, than she had been before. Yet all her reverses, all her never-ending declinings upon some position still lower than the one she had before occupied, had been powerless to wrinkle her brow, or deepen the lines round the softly-moulded lips that had never been known to utter a severe or a sensible sentence.

The nearest approach to a frown that her brows had ever known was upon them now, as she sat between the table and the fire-place, awaiting her daughter's advent. She was sorely perplexed and anneyed about two or three things. The chief one was a message that had been brought up wordily from the kitchen to the effect that, if Mrs. Lyon did not have her chicken up now that it was ready, it would be burned to a cinder.

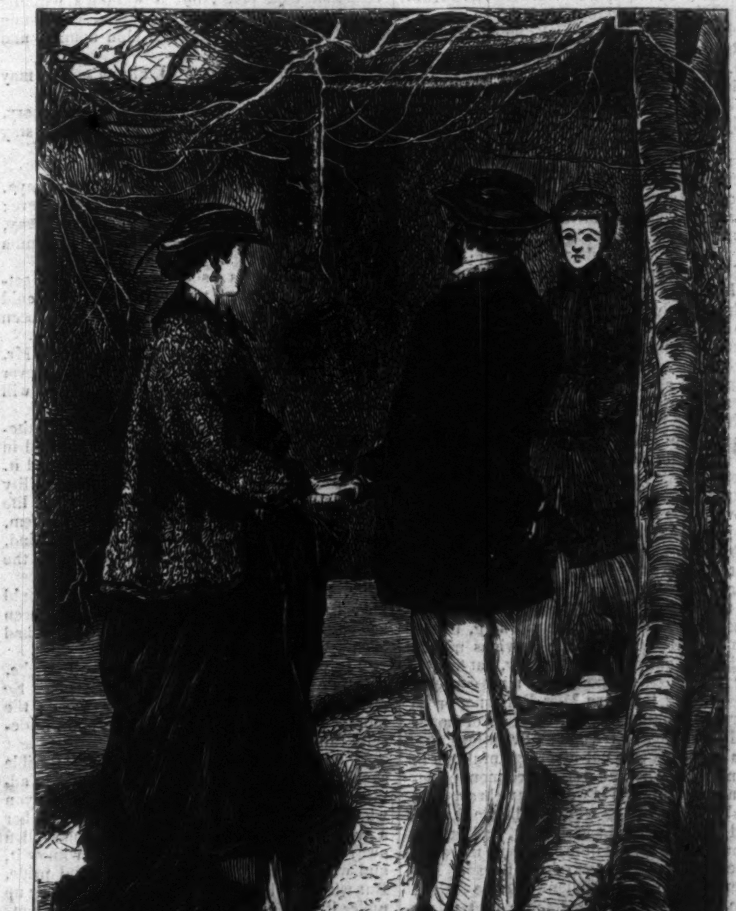
"It may be brought up the instant Miss Lyon arrives—not before," she had answered, almost deprecatingly; and then she had gone on to explain to the servant, whose usual manner was one of insolence, tastefully enlivened by familiarity, that, "Now Miss Lyon was coming, things must be different: they really must, for Miss Lyon was most particular."

Presently Miss Lyon came. She was heard giving directions about her luggage in the hall; then she came running up stairs, and her mother advanced half-way to the door to meet her, and then fell back to alter the situation of a salt-cellar, and then faltered forward again, and finally involved herself with the door handle just as Blanche was coming into the room: involved herself in such a way, that some lace on her sleeve caught in the key, and brought it to the floor with a clatter that bewildered her, and prevented her seeing Blanche's outstretched hand, and face bent down to kiss her.

While Mrs. Lyon was extricating herself, and explaining how it came to pass that the key should have fallen at this juncture, and calling to "hasten dinner" in a tone that was unintentionally petulant by reason of her anxiety to make her daughter comfortable at once, Blanche swept on into the full light of the lamp, and stood by the fire, looking back half impatiently, half laughingly, upon the confusion her entrance had caused.

The light of the lamp had never fallen on a brighter beauty than this one. She had a face that was flashing, thoughtful, cloudy, smiling, in such rapid succession that it appeared to be at once. No expression had a long life in her eyes, no smile, and no reason for it, more than a temporary abode on her lip and in her heart. There was about her that magic of luminous darkness which characterized Edgar Allen Poe's genius. The sheen on each wave of her lustrous ruddy-tipped dark hair; the quickly dilating pupil of her great black-lashed gray eyes; the line that came from nervous agitation or anxious thought across her rather low, square, clever brow; the quick, clear tones that never lost their cultivation; the lithe movement that was never lounging; the rapid gesture that was always refined—all spoke of suppressed fire—all made one marvel at her being the daughter of her mother.

Rounded, but fine-drawn in figure, lacking in those large proportions which made Beatrix Talbot such a glorious type of woman, but with a



"LET THERE BE NO 'IFS' IN THE CASE."—[SEE PAGE 135.]

grace that was all her own, and that was inferior to none; a grace that clothed each action, making it seem the fitting thing to do; a grace that came from perfect proportion, and from an artistic appreciation of all the power perfect proportion gives. A woman—in a word—possessed of that most "gorgeous cloak for all deficiencies"—an inimitable manner.

How splendidly she stood the test of the strong light after the long day's travel! Standing there, her hands in her muff still; her hat on her head; one well-bred, high-instepped little foot lifted up to the top bar, to the detriment of the shapely boot that covered it; her long drapery falling away in graceful folds; and her little, delicately-pointed nose and chin held aloft in laughing contempt for the chaos she had created—Blanche Lyon looked well worth any man's love, and any woman's envy.

It had been her portion to have much of both. Men had wooed her warmly, and still something had always come between the wooing and the actual satisfactory winning toward which all wooing should tend. She had been very often loved, and very often left. Whether the fault was the lover's, or hers, or Fate's, it was hard to tell. The fault was, and was a bitter one—bitter to her mother and to such of her relations as felt the bright beauty to be a responsibility so long as she remained unmarried, but not bitter to Blanche herself. There had always been something wanting on the part of herself or the other to make the union fit. Unless that something could have been supplied, the chasm the want of it made was accepted by Blanche as an inevitable, and not very much to be regretted, thing. She often told herself that a thorough heart-searing would be welcome, as a distraction to the many minor ills by which she had been surrounded ever since she had grown up into the capability of seeing the folly of things, and feeling strongly about them.

It seemed many a long year ago since this capability first became hers, for Blanche Lyon's perceptive faculties developed early, and she was three-and-twenty when her interest in the set of events which go to the making of this story commenced. The rough side of life had been the one on which her baby eyes opened, and it had never been smoothed for her up to the present date. Once upon a time her father had been a gentleman of considerable property in the West of England, but that time had been long past when Blanche came into the world most inopportunely, adding to expenses that Mr. Lyon found already far exceeded his receipts, and making the delicate, vacillating, neutral-tinted woman he had married more delicate, vacillating, and generally unendurable than she had been before.

It was a sorry home for any thing so bright as she was, that in which little Blanche Lyon grew up. Her father took to the evil courses to which men of strong passions, wavering minds, small means, and few interests, are apt to take. He drank and gambled, and was miscellaneously gay in a way that soon degraded him out of the ranks of the order to which he belonged by right of birth. Then his wife reproached him, and lamented, and so goaded him along the lower road faster than he would otherwise have traveled, and the atmosphere of their home was one of black, bitter discontent and gloom, that was never brightened by one ray of approving conscience.

Yet in this ungenial atmosphere, in this sad, grace-abandoned home, the girl grew and thrived, mentally and physically. Gradually she came to take a sort of command of the household, to regulate and refine it a little, and to force the semblance of peace, at least, to hang around it. Long years of gross neglect on the one side, and of feeble reproaches and furious jealousies on the other, had weakened the always slender tie that existed between the husband and wife to the point of dissolution. The marriage had not been one of love, nor had respect or convenience or sympathy brought it about. They had married because Mr. Lyon, then a young debonair man, had taken too much Champagne at a hunt ball one night, and under the influence of the same, had seen some charm which did not exist in the daughter of one of the professional men of the town where the festivities were going on. Rather for the sake of avoiding the necessity for making an unsteady progress across the room in search of another partner, than from any feeling of preference for Miss Pulleyne, Arthur Lyon danced with her many times in succession, and kept by her side in the intervals. What he said, or why he said it, he never had the remotest idea; but that he did say something, and that Miss Pulleyne was satisfied with his reasons for the speech, may be gathered from the fact of Mr. Pulleyne calling on him in the morning, before the nausea consequent on the previous night's dissipation had passed off, and mildly, but firmly, making it manifest to him that he must consider himself engaged to marry Miss Pulleyne, or be considered a defaulter from the code of honor by all Miss Pulleyne's friends and relations.

The alternative was not a very painful one to the young man, who had a strong element of defiance in his nature. He would have braved the outraged feelings of the whole Pulleyne family, root and branch, without hesitation, had he had any stronger motive for doing so than mere indifference to the daughter of the house. But indifference was not a sufficiently active feeling to make him do any thing definite that might be adverse to the interests of the one toward whom he felt it. It seemed to him that there would be less cause for exertion, less call for explanation, if he married the girl than if he refused to do so. No other woman had any place in his heart, so Arthur Lyon allowed himself to drift into matrimony without even the semblance of love for his wife, or the semblance of curiosity as to whether she loved him or not.

For a few years the house was kept up in a free, open, roughly-hospitable, uncomfortable way—a way that involved the expenditure of a great deal of money, and that kept the whole establishment in a chronic state of confusion. Mrs. Lyon went wafting along with the tide of folly, often enjoying it, often bewailing it, oftener still weakly suffering herself to be submerged by it; but never once attempting to turn it. When things were at their worst she would weep at her husband, and though her tears were but a drop in the ocean that eventually engulfed him, there was some truth in the man's declaration that he might have breasted it but for those readily flowing reproaches.

Meantime, while things were tending toward the worst—which was the selling of his property and the reduction of the family to live on the liberality of an old uncle of Arthur Lyon's—a little girl had been born—the Blanche of these pages. She grew into a comprehension of the state of things surrounding her very rapidly; it seemed to Arthur Lyon that it was but the "other day" he had tossed her in long clothes when she advanced her own opinion on a measure he proposed taking, and stood out against his.

This measure was nothing less than the total separation of the girl from her family. The old uncle had fallen sick—sick of life that had lasted till none loved him—sick of being served by those who gave such services as they were paid for, but never a tender tone or look. He was a selfish old man—it ran in the Lyon blood to be selfish—and he was true to his race in that respect to the last. He had liked women about him all his life. He liked them for their pretty ways and their self-sacrificial power. But now he was old, and women stood afar from him, so he wailed out a plaint to the nephew he supported to the effect that he was deserted and left to die alone, and his nephew, who shrank himself from the society of the old sensualist, said that "Blanche should come and cheer him up if she would."

It was merely sagacious on the father's part to add this clause, for Blanche had a will of her own.

"If he were ill I'd go and tend him," she said, with her bright face in a flame, when the plan was proposed to her; "but he's not ill, papa; he eats and drinks more than is good for him, and I never can love him, or put up with him."

"You may lose a fortune through not doing so," her father answered, moodily; "you're not the only one of the family, remember, Blanche."

She thought he was referring to her mother and himself, and she was melted in a moment.

"Oh, papa! and I would do any thing to serve you; but let it be with you; don't send me away to grow a sneak."

"I meant, remember, that he can easily find some other relative who would be more acquiescent," her father replied; "as to serving me, and not leaving me, I wish to Heaven you'd do either, or both, poor child! I shall do you no good; but if you won't go, and my uncle takes a fancy to Bathurst's boy, it's all up with your fate ever being brighter, that's all, my girl."

She was only a girl of sixteen when this conversation took place, but a woman's winning ways were familiar to her even then. She hung over his shoulder, resting her chin upon it, and looked up into his face.

"Who knows, papa? Bathurst's boy may take a fancy to me!"

"He might do something more extraordinary, certainly. So you decide, then? You will stay with me and rough it."

She nodded her head.

"Yes, don't mind my roughing it ever, papa. I have a little of the gipsy in me, I believe; there's a cross of a vagabond in me someway, I am sure; it must be on your side, for mamma has nothing of the vagabond in her."

"Your mother is a slave to mythical respectability," he answered, testily, and Blanche could not help thinking that her mother had been spared the sight of her thrall for some years.

"Yet she would have had me go to old Mr. Lyon's," she answered, quickly. "Well, never mind; you have let me have a choice—I will rough it with you."

So the question was settled, and once definitely arranged between them, it must be stated in justice to Mr. Lyon, that he never reopened it. But Mrs. Lyon suffered from an utter inability to keep the peace on the subject. Whenever life went ever so little harder than usual with them, Mrs. Lyon sought, after the manner of her kind, to obviate the present difficulty by lamenting the past possibility.

"When I think how different things would have been if only Uncle Lyon's offer had been accepted, I have no patience; if my advice had been asked instead of Blanche's—"

"It wouldn't have been taken by Blanche, that is certain," her husband would reply. So another element of discord was introduced; the mother grew to dread the child, the child to despise the mother.

It was not a "bad blow," or a "terrible shock," or any other form of woe that would admit of conventional expression to Blanche Lyon when her father died. His life had shocked her a great deal more than his death; he had fallen away upon evil ways, and his daughter knew it, and was grieved alike in her purity and pride. But when he died she was conscious of rising up under it, glad almost of the opportunity of putting her shoulder to the wheel of the family coach without seeming to usurp his place, and degrade him to the back-ground.

Naturally the woman who had wept at Arthur Lyon almost incessantly while he lived, wept even more copiously for him when he died. She was an exemplary widow. She felt it "due to poor Mr. Lyon," she said, "to have the best crape and the widest hem-stitched pocket-handkerchiefs." When she had got them she could not pay for them, and then she felt it due to the mournfulness of the position to sit down and weep over the inability, and nearly madden Blanche by appearing abject before the draper.

For a time it was one of those social mysteries that may never be solved how the widow and her daughter lived. Old Mr. Lyon had died before his nephew, and had not left them even so much as a mourning ring. All his property, personal and landed, was left to a young man already possessing a fine estate of his own, the son of a first cousin, Frank Bathurst.

The fortunate heir had made one or two efforts to institute friendly relations with the widow and daughter of the man who had been more nearly related to old Mr. Lyon than he (Frank) himself. He had heard little of them; they were but names to him, for old Mr. Lyon rarely spoke or thought of people who were not actually engaged in conducing to his own comfort. Still though he had heard so little of them, he knew that they were to be regarded as wronged, or rather that they might be forgiven for so regarding themselves. Accordingly he held out a flourishing olive branch, and Blanche gracefully waived it aside.

"What can the friendship of a young man like Mr. Bathurst do for us?" she asked, when her mother remonstrated with her on the ground that she was throwing away another chance; "he's very kind to say he will call; he means well, but he needn't do it; callers waste so much of our time."

"Don't utter such sentiments, Blanche; they are not natural to your age and station in life."

Blanche laughed.

"I forget what my years are, but I have learned a good deal in them one way and another; as for my 'station in life,' well, mother, I don't agree with you about my sentiments not being 'natural;' they are perfectly natural; they accord with the outward and visible sign of position I am at present hanging out. One little parlor, with a strong odor of roast mutton pervading it, is not the place I should care to receive people in; though I make the best of it, and put it nicely for my pride by declaring that callers waste one's time, and hoping Mr. Frank Bathurst will stay away."

"You're like your poor dear father, and you always stand in your own light," Mrs. Lyon replied.

Then the subject was dropped, as far as words went; but Mrs. Lyon recurred to it often in what stood her in place of a mind, and made Blanche aware that she was doing so by dropping tears down at unexpected times into unseemly places.

If Blanche stood in her own light out of innate perversity, it must be conceded to her that the ground she selected to stand upon was far from pleasant, and so she may be accredited with a certain integrity of purpose. She was the one sound plank in what was left of the wrecked Lyon family, and so she willingly took it upon herself to bear the brunt of every storm that might arise.

"We have nothing to live upon, and so we must die, like paupers," Mrs. Lyon had remarked, while folding away her crape upper skirt on the day of her husband's funeral. "We must live, and so I must work," Blanche had replied. "You know you wouldn't like starving, mamma; and we are neither of us likely to die just yet." Which speech made Mrs. Lyon feel very unhappy and very discontented, for at the moment she was theoretically ready to undergo any martyrdom in order to prove to survivors that her dead husband had shamefully neglected his duty in not amply providing for her out of nothing.

Blanche's will to work had been very good, but she had a tough struggle with obstacles of many kinds before her will could carry her into any remunerative path. She went the weary round of agency offices, telling the same outspoken story at each: "I want to make enough money to support my mother and myself, and I want to make it respectably. I don't expect comfort or consideration. What shall I do?"

The majority of ladies to whom she addressed herself declared with emphasis that she would not do for a governess in their houses. They either had marriageable sons, or daughters who were engaged, and in either case Miss Lyon's brilliant bloom and beautiful eyes went very much against her. But at last a mother, with no such responsibility, was found, a lady who had no sons at all, and whose eldest daughter was only ten, and who lived away so deeply in the heart of a midland county, in an old secluded country grange, that Blanche's beauty, like the famous flower, seemed born to blush unseen.

This lady, Mrs. Marsh, was the widow of a man who had chanced to have business relations during his life with Mark Sutton. So it came to pass that the year before this story opened, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, and some friends of theirs, had gone to pass a few fresh, invigorating days down at Mrs. Marsh's place. Mr. Talbot was with them, and when he went back to town he left his heart with the beautiful governess whom his charming sister, Mrs. Sutton, had sedulously flouted the whole time they were together.

Indeed, the pretty guest had been most sorely tried by the resident beauty. Marian had gone to the Grange gracefully enough to all outward seeming, but she had had a sharp struggle with her sense of expediency before she did so. Her husband asked it as a favor to himself that she should accept the invitation of the widow of his old friend, and Marian, who knew that it was well her list of favors shown to him should be a long one, made a fair show of surface sweetness, and went, determining to make the best of it. She was well aware that the Grange was not the type of country house where the time would fly. She had a presentiment that it would be respectable and intensely dull, and that she should get to hate the excellent Mrs. Marsh before she had long tasted that lady's hospitality. But as it was advisable she should go, she went with a fair show of grace, reflecting that she could perhaps ravish the hearts, and tastes, and eyes of some of the better sort of the male members of the benighted neighborhood that had never seen a Marian Sutton before. On the strength of this hope she had some very perfectly designed costumes made to take with her, and bowed the neck in getting them from Hortense. It was hard to find Miss Lyon in possession after such a praiseworthy display of self-abnegation, and such tasteful efforts to make herself look as well as she could. Hard, very hard, to feel that her prettiness paled before Blanche's radiancy, and that the governess did not spoil her beauty by evidencing an overwhelming sense of inferiority to Mrs. Sutton, as Mrs. Sutton deemed it only becoming governesses should do.

"Miss Lyon is more than pretty, she is almost lady-like," Marian said to her brother Edgar one morning, when together they were sauntering in the gardens of the Grange. "Do you admire her?" Marian gave him one quick glance through her half-closed eyelids as she asked the question, and saw that he colored as he answered it.

"Admire is a weak word for her. I think her splendid."

"So does Mark," Marian said, laughing. She knew that her brother rated Mark Sutton's intellect very low indeed, and denied him all claim to the possession of taste. It was pleasant, therefore, to her to put Edgar in the position of having his admiration for Miss Lyon indorsed by Mark Sutton. "So does Mark. She is just the sort of dashing, rather loud young country lady whom Mark would admire."

"Thank you for the implication, Marian."

"Why! what have I said that is not quite true?" she inquired, opening her eyes a little wider as she spoke. "Don't thank me for implying things, Edgar. I never imply; I speak out. It's my misfortune to be too truthful."

"You have never suffered from the effects of that misfortune as yet, luckily. Never mind, Marian; what more have you to say against Miss Lyon?"

"Against her?" Mrs. Sutton reiterated, gathering her skirts away from contact with the ground, and putting her hand through her brother's arm: "not a word against her; she amuses me too much."

"How?"

"Oh, with her would-be lady-like airs of quiet reserve when she is as full of animal spirits as she can be. She is like all underbred people—odious when quiet on compulsion."

Mrs. Sutton spoke with considerable animation, in a ringing treble. Her hand, too, trembled on her brother's arm.

"You speak with a good deal of feeling. What has Miss Lyon done to you, Marian?"

"Done to me!" She laughed and recovered herself. "Perhaps you believe that I am capable of being jealous of Mark's clumsily-expressed admiration for her?"

"If he were not your husband I should think so decidedly."

"But as he is my husband? My dear Edgar, pray banish that notion from your mind. He admires our cook very much—she is Miss Lyon's most formidable rival; he wavers to such a degree between the two, that I feel my balance of power is not endangered."

"The sarcasm is neither very delicate nor very keen. It is modest on your part, though, Marian, to undervalue Mark's taste in this way. He chose you."

"Which speech is full of the attributes which were wanting in my sarcasm," she replied. "Come, Edgar, let there be an armed neutrality between us about Miss Lyon. I can not endure incivility; and you are almost capable of being uncivil to me when I venture to hint that she is not as absolutely perfect as Mark thinks her."

It will easily be understood that after this Mrs. Sutton had less toleration in her soul, though far more in her speech, for Blanche Lyon. The girl held her own so quietly among them all, even when her mother came to join the party at Mrs. Marsh's considerate invitation. Mrs. Lyon fell an easy and unsuspecting victim into every pit Mrs. Sutton prepared for her, and Mrs. Sutton prepared many. It was altogether beyond the power of the pretty, young, wealthy, admired married woman to put the governess in the second place. Mrs. Sutton had quite exhausted her store of depreciatory devices on Miss Lyon, and still Miss Lyon was as composedly indifferent to her, and as unfettered in her intercourse with Mr. Sutton and Mr. Talbot as if Marian had not existed. Mrs. Sutton had taken a patronizing tone, and Blanche had, with great good temper, and good-breeding too, made manifest the fact that Mrs. Sutton's patronage was too small a thing to be either accepted or rejected. Then Marian had ignored Blanche's presence and remarks, and neither Blanche's presence nor remarks grew less bright for the treatment. If Miss Lyon had employed a country dress-maker, and her waist could have been proved to be an inch too high or too low, too slight or too large, Marian would have been less bitter. But Miss Lyon daringly employed the great Hortense, and did not give Mrs. Sutton the shadow of a chance of finding fault. Marian had almost given up the contest, when Mrs. Lyon came and strengthened Mrs. Sutton's forces unintentionally at once.

The poor lady had sighed for this invitation, and in her own transparent way had schemed for it. She had declared her intention of taking lodgings in the neighborhood of the Grange for a few weeks in order to be near her child. And her child had kept the declaration a dead secret from Mrs. Marsh while she could, and had sedulously striven to alter the intention. But, like all people who are unstable by nature, Mrs. Lyon cultivated obstinacy under the name of strength of will, whenever the display of it seemed to promise her one of those "changes for the better" which her half hopeful, half discontented mind had always craved. This seemed to her a fitting opportunity for flaunting out her limp flag of defiance. Accordingly she did it in a tremulous manner that was essentially her own, and essentially repugnant to Blanche. She wrote to Mrs. Marsh, proposing that Blanche should come and pass a few weeks with her at a farm-house about two miles from the Grange, and during those weeks walk backward and forward for the fulfilling of her educational duties toward the little Marshes. To the proposition of this plan she appended a humble hope that Blanche would not catch a violent cold on her chest in the course of these compulsory walks, and so develop an hereditary delicacy which had always been a source of anguish to her anxious mother. The reply to this letter (the contents of which Mrs. Marsh kept from Blanche, but which were told to her in a song of triumph sung by Mrs. Lyon as soon as she arrived) was the invitation which brought her in contact with Mrs. Sutton, and more important still, with Edgar Talbot.

For a day or two Blanche was taken in by the manner Mrs. Sutton adopted toward Mrs. Lyon, but after a day or two she saw through and resented it as such a woman would resent a manner that was the offspring of such a motive. It has been said that Mrs. Lyon went with celerity into all the pitfalls Mrs. Sutton prepared for her. She did more—she went into them as if they were pleasant places. Under the influence of the false, subtle, fascinating allurements of the soft-voiced woman with the tender, half-closed eyes, poor Mrs. Lyon would enter upon the telling of endless narratives that were uninteresting in themselves, that concerned people of whom her auditors had never heard, and that were singularly void of point. And Mrs. Sutton would listen to them with an assumption of interest that Blanche felt to be insolent, and would recall the wandering attention of her brother Edgar, and generally portray pitying condescension toward a tedious inferior in a way that at last made Blanche Lyon writhe.

Writhe to a degree that at length the smaller elements in her mental organization trampled over the better, and urged her to enter upon an ignoble contest. Then she brought the battery of her great beauty, the wonderful wealth of her animal spirits, the subtle charm of her soul superiority to himself to bear upon the husband of the woman who sought to render her ridiculous through her mother. She took the conversation, as women of her mental calibre know how to take it, on to ground where Mark Sutton was very much at a loss, and compelled him to join in it, and contrived that he should do so to his disadvantage. In short, she sought to shame his wife through him; sought to do so till she saw him smart under the consciousness of one of his blunders, and then bitterly repented herself of the littleness.

There was nothing attractive, nothing interesting, little worth thinking about, in short, in Mark Sutton. Still Blanche's heart went out warmly to him when he told her that he "had always thought too little of himself for it to have been quite worthy of her to have made him think less." The rebuke was a bitterly sharp one to her in its moderation and humility. If the man she had made absurd in the eyes of others, above all of his wife, if he had turned round upon her as a man of his class would be likely to turn, she thought she could have borne it better, and forgiven herself more readily. But he was kinder to her than before, kind as to one who had need of protection against herself among others.

Blanche Lyon had a bright, clear, discriminating power, and she recognized this element, and acknowledged that there was ground for its being shown. She had just a few words of explanation with him, and bound him to her by them a faster friend than before. Going to him one afternoon as he was walking along between two high laurel hedges, with a little flush of mingled penitence and pride on her rounded healthy cheeks, with a shimmer over her gray eyes, and a touch of tremulousness in her voice that appealed to him very sweetly, what could any man do but forgive her when she said:

"I have been made to smart so that like the scorpion I was ready to sting myself, Mr. Sutton; I did worse, I tried to sting the only human being who cared enough for me to be stung by my ingratitude. Can you forgive me?"

She looked what Edgar Talbot had called her, a "splendid creature," as she asked this. Standing there before him in her rich, heavily-falling, violet-hued, winter drapery, with her bright face toned down into a transient tenderness by remorse, with all the winning delicacies of her most winning manner brought into such quiet play, with the silent weight of the pretty, refined, feminine trifles of becoming hat and well-fitting gloves, and mere idea of perfume brought to bear upon him—to bear upon the man who had never known them in his youth, and who accepted them all as badges of the station to which he had climbed. What could he do but forgive her, and utter the hope that he might be permitted, might be able to befriend her?

"And if you ever can, I will ask you," she said.

"And I will do it while I live," he answered.

"Even against your wife?" she interrupted, with a laugh, and Mark Sutton's heart sank and his color rose at even so slight an allegation being brought against Marian; but still he replied heartily, taking the hand of the girl who had made it.

"Even against Marian, if—"

"Let there be no 'ifs' in the case."

Mrs. Sutton herself interrupted, lounging forward from a half-concealed seat in the laurel hedge.

"Excuse me; I would have spoken before if I had recognized your voices," she added, carelessly; "but I thought it was some of the servants indulging in a lovers' quarrel; it was not till my name was taken in vain that—"

"You remembered ladies do not listen," Blanche put in, hastily. Then the belligerents looked straight into each other's eyes, and it occurred to Mark Sutton that it might be very hard for him to keep his promise of befriending Blanche, "even against his wife."

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S LEG.

[Among the curiosities of Waterloo are the grave of the late Marquis of Anglesey's leg and the house in which it was cut off, where the boot belonging to it is preserved. The owner of the house has interred the leg most decorously in his garden, within a coffin, under a weeping-willow, and honored it with a monument. This has inspired some humorist to write the following epitaph:]

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn that mould'ring in this grave
There lies—a British *calf*.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole
Will find that laugh was premature,
For here, too, lies a *soul*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Lie here of one commanding;
Who, though he might his wits retain,
Lost half his understanding.

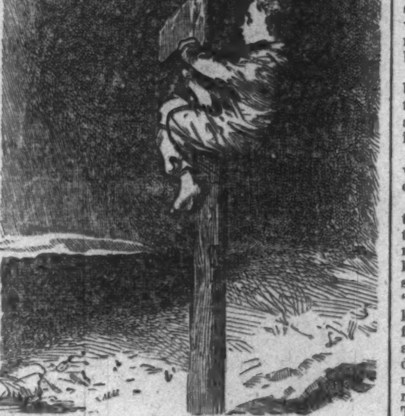
And when the guns, with thunder bright,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe *leg bail*.

And now in England just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, the ball, the play,
With one leg in the grave.

Fortune in vain has showed her spite,
For he will soon be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg;
She meant not to disarm:
And when she lopped the hero's leg
She did not seek his h-arm.

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could *walk* with one:
She saw two legs were lost on him,
Who never meant to run.


TO THE LAND OF I
DONT KNOW

THE LAND OF "I DON'T KNOW."

THERE was once upon a time a little boy—

"Ah, there now," I hear you exclaim, "that is the way so many stories begin! I wish you would tell us his real name, and where he lived?"

I might if I liked; but, perhaps, when the little boy is grown older, and quite got over the bad habit that was the cause of the misadventure I am going to relate, he would not like to have you pointing at him and reminding him of his fault; so you must be quiet, and let me tell my story my own way, and be careful that you do not get into similar trouble.

"Tom" lived in a very pretty house, in a very lovely garden. He was fond of reading, and had a great many books, that ought to have been kept on a shelf by themselves, but— Every night before he went to bed he used to take his favorite toy and his favorite book for the time being, and place them on a chair by his bedside, so that he might have them close at hand the moment he awoke. Like other boys, he was very often restless at night, and then he would knock them over and break their backs, and altogether behave very badly to them. In the morning, too, when he ought to have washed and dressed as quickly as possible, he would take one of his books and place it on his wet wash-stand, and while he washed one eye would read out of the other, till the poor books got almost as much water as his face, and their red and blue covers were all blistered and defaced by soapy water.

His mother and sisters called him "Untidy Tom," after that sad boy in the story of Struwelpeter; and, indeed, he was quite as bad, if not worse.

He had still another fault. If his mother asked him where any thing was, the answer was sure to be, "I don't know."

"Where is your hat, Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your whip, Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your watering-pot?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

And once when he was amusing himself by acting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the shrubbery by himself, and had borrowed his sister's black doll to personate "Topsy," he left the poor little negress out in a dreadful snow-storm; and when asked where she was, of course answered, "I don't know."

His mother was very much displeased with him, and said, "Tom, to-morrow I must really take some severe measures with you, unless this is the last time I hear 'I don't know' from your lips."

Tom was very much frightened. He did not wish to vex his mother or be unkind to his sisters. He did not intend to break his books' backs, or give Topsy her death of cold; but he was so very very careless and forgetful that he was always doing some mischief.

Others besides his mother were angry with him, and determined to punish him. It is all very well treating books and playthings as if they had no life in them, but you may do it once too often.

One night when Tom was fast asleep in his bed, his room, as usual, strewn with his clothes and playthings, there was a great discussion going on, though he did not hear it.

"I'll not stand this any longer," said Masterman Ready, stepping from the boy's book-shelf. "I'm an old man, and I'll not be insulted in this way. Here, it is near a fortnight ago that that young rogue, who is sleeping so snugly there, under half a dozen blankets, actually tore off my only coat, and since then I have been shivering all through this bitter weather in nothing but my shirt. I should like him to feel as cold as I do!"

"And I," said the Lady of the Lake, who was standing near, "would gladly see him punished. He has thrown so much soapy water over me, I feel as if I were in a Scotch mist. I wish he was on the top of Ben Nevis, with a good fog rolling round him."

"And I," said Robinson Crusoe, "owe him a grudge, not so much for the many injuries he has inflicted on me personally, but for his disgraceful conduct to that interesting Black Lady who lies buried under the snow yonder. I make no doubt she was nearly related to my beloved servant, Friday, and any slight cast on him or any of his relations shall be avenged by me."

The accusations against the unlucky boy now came in so thickly that it was impossible to make them all out. Whips without lashes, lashes without handles, guns without locks, ramrods without guns—the hubbub became so great, the wonder is the whole house was not roused by the voices of his accusers.

But even Tom slept quietly on, little dreaming what was in store for him, till he felt an icy hand laid on his arm, and a stern voice desired him to rise. He was too much alarmed to speak, but one glance showed him that old Masterman Ready, clad in nothing but a tattered shirt, stood at his bedside, with many others, who in the dim light he could not recognize.

No time was allowed him to look about. He was quickly blindfolded, dragged from his nice warm bed, and out into the bitter night air, with the white snow beneath his feet, and the clear, frosty starlit sky above his head, his only covering his night-gown.

His enemies hurried on at a fearful pace, and his poor feet ached with the cold, and his legs trembled under him. At length, just as he was completely exhausted, they removed the bandage from his eyes. Ah! what a sight he beheld. There was the drum he had broken, no longer a poor inanimate thing, to be kicked and beaten at any one's will and pleasure, but a living, moving being on legs, who rushed up to Tom, and inquired, in a haughty voice, "Why did you break in my head?"

And then the watering-pot came and demanded, "Why did you leave me in the mud at the bottom of the pond?" And a double barreled gun, with a lady-like-looking pistol hanging on his arm, upbraided him for his cruel usage, and whips, and spades, and trumpets, and hoops, all came and reviled him; and, lastly, his late victim, the poor black doll, in a winding-sheet of snow, said, in a melancholy voice, "You are worse than a slave-dealer: had you no compassion on my warm African blood, that you left me to perish beneath the snow?"

Poor Tom seated himself on the hard ground and burst into tears, but the more he wept the more his tormentors jeered him; and really Masterman Ready and Robinson Crusoe seemed to incite the others to insult him, and the poor little boy was very miserable.

At last his strange companions, tired of playing with him, or afraid of the bitter, cold wind, took their departure, and Tom was left alone.

Such companionship had been bad enough, but solitude was worse. "Oh! I must find somebody," cried the poor boy, starting up, and trying to make his night-gown cover his poor little ankles. "I don't know," sighed the wind. "Which is the way home?" shouted Tom. "I don't know," shrieked a curlew. "Where's my mother?" screamed the boy. "I don't know," croaked a frog in a neighboring morass. Too frightened to speak any more, Tom groped his way along in the darkness. As day dawned he came to a directing-post. "Saved!" thought Tom, as he climbed up it like a sailor-boy up a mast. Imagine his horror. It directed him to the "Land of I don't know!" Tom slipped down quicker than he went up, and pursued his way. Presently he came to another finger-post. It was lighter now, and he could read it without the trouble of climbing; and what think you he read?—"This is the Land of I don't know."

The day passed and night came on, and still he wandered up and down, while strange voices mocked him with the oft-repeated phrase, "I don't know," "I don't know," varied sometimes with "This is the Land of I don't know!"

Poor Tom, half-mad with terror, hunger, and cold, rushed headlong on till a sudden light, a sudden breaking of the mist, showed him that he stood at the edge of a precipice, a deep blue lake far below. Then he knew where he was; on the very topmost ridge of Plinlimmon, and the blue lake shining below he knew to be the source of the Severn, that his father had shown him, a year before, when traveling in Wales.

Fearful of falling he uttered a piercing shriek, and called aloud on his mother to help him. Conceive his joy when he found himself in her arms, and heard her well-known voice reassuring him, "You are safe, my boy, quite safe; what has frightened you?"

"Oh! mother, I have been to the 'Land of I don't know;' and, only think, it is on the top of Plinlimmon."

You may be sure Tom did not soon forget his adventure. He got Masterman Ready a new coat. He dug up Topsy from under the snow, and fished the watering-pot from the depths of the pond; and if he ever mislaid any thing he tried to find it again, for he said, "I have no wish to go again to the 'Land of I don't know.'" And you, my young reader, the next time you are asked where the Severn rises, say, "In the 'blue lake' near the summit of Plinlimmon, in the county of Montgomery, Wales," and you will be A 1 in your class for a week.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MR. B——, accompanied by his wife No. 3, called on Mr. S—— to engage a tombstone for wife No. 2. While selecting, the knight of the chisel addressed Mr. B—— as follows: "Mr. B——, I think you are one of the luckiest men I ever knew." "Why so, Mr. S——?" "Why, here you have your third wife, and the most of us poor devils must stick to one as long as we live." Mrs. B—— No. 3 went into an outburst of laughter not readily described.

BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.

Love finding trade fail, as many trades will,
In a matter-of-fact world like this is,
Found, that if he would do any business at all,
He must mix bread and cheese with his kisses.

So to it he went, quite disgusted and sad;
His doves stole the corn from the peasant;
While he in the milky-way found all he'd need
To make his cheese taste nice and pleasant.

What a trade did he drive! He began to look up
As he winked at the young eager misses;
For he knew, though they asked for the bread and the cheese,
That in fact they but came for the kisses.

This was all very well for a honey-moon month,
Then the thing became really quite crazing:
For the kisses were growing quite stale on the shelf,
While the bread and cheese trade was amazing.

Woman is a delusion; still, men will hug delusion.

When dressed for the evening we girls nowadays
Scarce an atom of dress on us leave:
None blame us; for what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited for Eve?

An amusing story is told of a cunning exhibitor at an agricultural fair in Connecticut, who divided a bushel of peaches, and entered one-half in his own name for competition, and the other in the name of an influential man in a neighboring town. The big man got the prize, and the other contribution, although off the same tree, was not mentioned.

A contraband who witnessed the explosion of a shell for the first time exclaimed: "See dar! hell hab laid an egg!"

"Are you the mate?" said a passenger to the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," answered Pat, "but I'm the boy that boils the *mate!*"

CASES FOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

A woman driving a spirited horse in St. Louis, was run away with. Being insured against accidents, she wasn't alarmed a bit, stopped the horse, and came back safe. Her policy running out, she neglected to renew it. Shortly after she was run away with again. Her husband's partner ran away with her this time, and she hasn't come back yet. Don't fail to renew your policy, particularly if it is in the "Breakneck."

Near Paris, Kentucky, a man, while engaged in running a circular saw, had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double-barreled shotgun. The man who carried them off had an accidental insurance, and he hasn't been caught yet.

In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being insured in the "Breakneck," he will receive $15 a week until he recovers.

Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck. He received his insurance, $3000, from the "Breakneck," with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well.

A boiler exploded at Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight. He will receive $15 a day until he comes down again.

A man accidentally fell from a steamer at New Orleans into the river. As he was sinking the third time he suddenly recollected that his policy in the "Breakneck" had expired. He then swam ashore, sought out the agent and renewed his policy, and immediately returned to the river and sank the third time in a serene and tranquil manner.

An old bachelor says the ladies are like Scotch snuff, because they will bring a foolish man to his knees (sneeze).

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

MEDICAL.—You are under examination. You are questioned about the Spinal Cord. You must be short-sighted not to see the advantage it will be to you to describe it as the chain attached to your eye-glass.

A SUGGESTION.—After-dinner conversation is sometimes called post-prandial talk. Considering the spiritous character of much of the wine we consume, would it not be more correct to say post-brandial?

A COMMENT.—"Speech is silver, but silence golden." Hence the expression, hush money.

THE MOST MODEST THING IN CREATION.—The retiring tide.

When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? —When it has a little Indian in it.

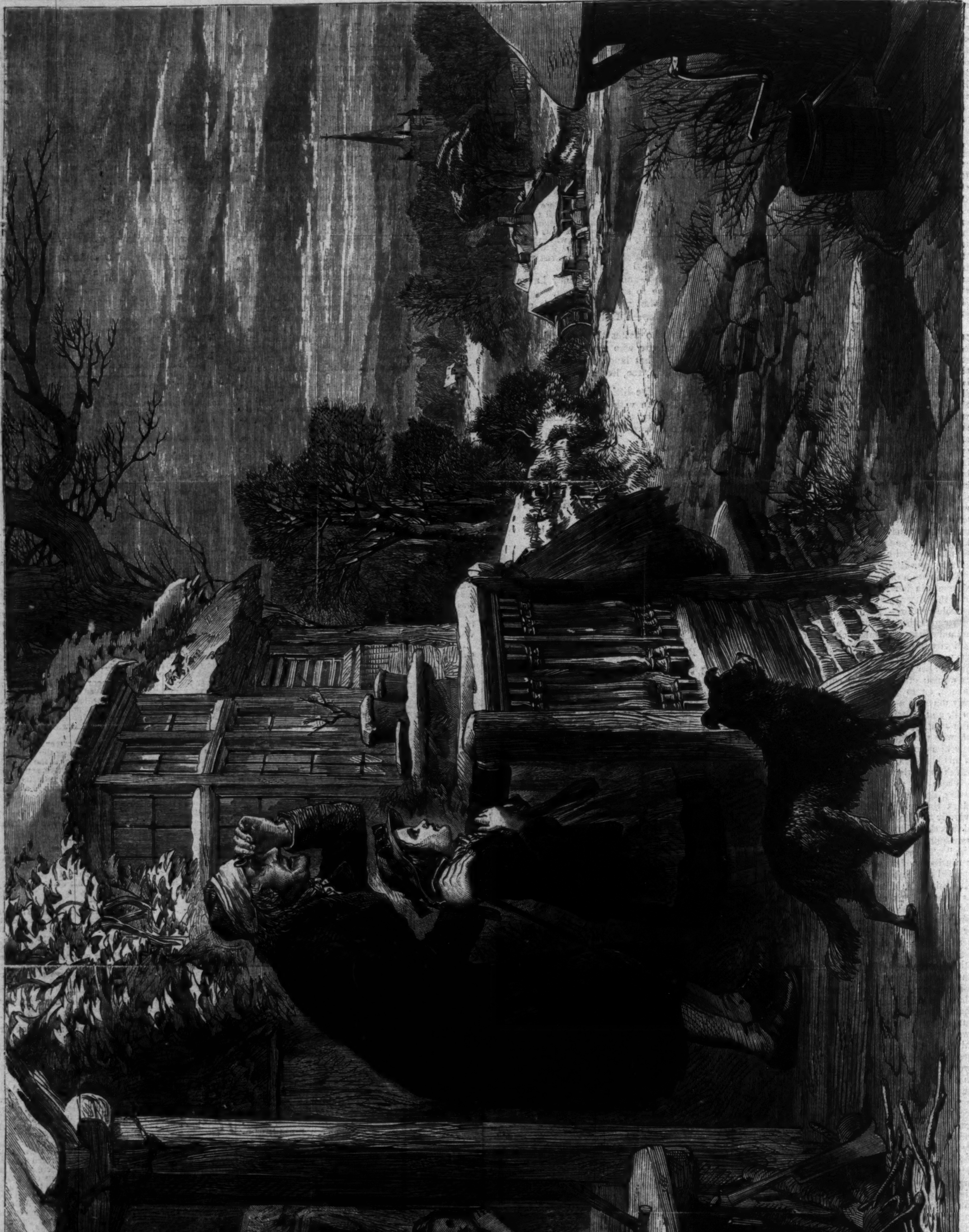
WHIMSICAL INSTANCES OF MONOMANIA.

The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his rational soul was annihilated by a special fiat of the Divine will. A patient in the "Retreat" at York, thought he had no soul, heart, or lungs. A soldier, wounded on the field of Austerlitz, was struck with a delirious conviction that he was but an ill-made model of his former self. "You ask how Père Lambert is?" he would say. "He is dead—killed at Austerlitz. That which you now see is a mere machine made in his likeness." Dr. Mead tells us of an Oxford student, who ordered the passing bell to be rung for him, and went himself to the belfry to instruct the ringers. He returned to his bed only to die. A Bourbon prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes long since departed. There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me." Bishop Warburton tells us of a man who thought himself a goose-pie; and Dr. Ferreday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had swallowed the devil. In Paris there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined, and when Napoleon was Emperor their heads were restored, but in the scramble he had got the wrong one. A newspaper editor fancied that he was a paragraph, and, as he lay in bed, debated whether he should rise altogether or sentence by sentence.

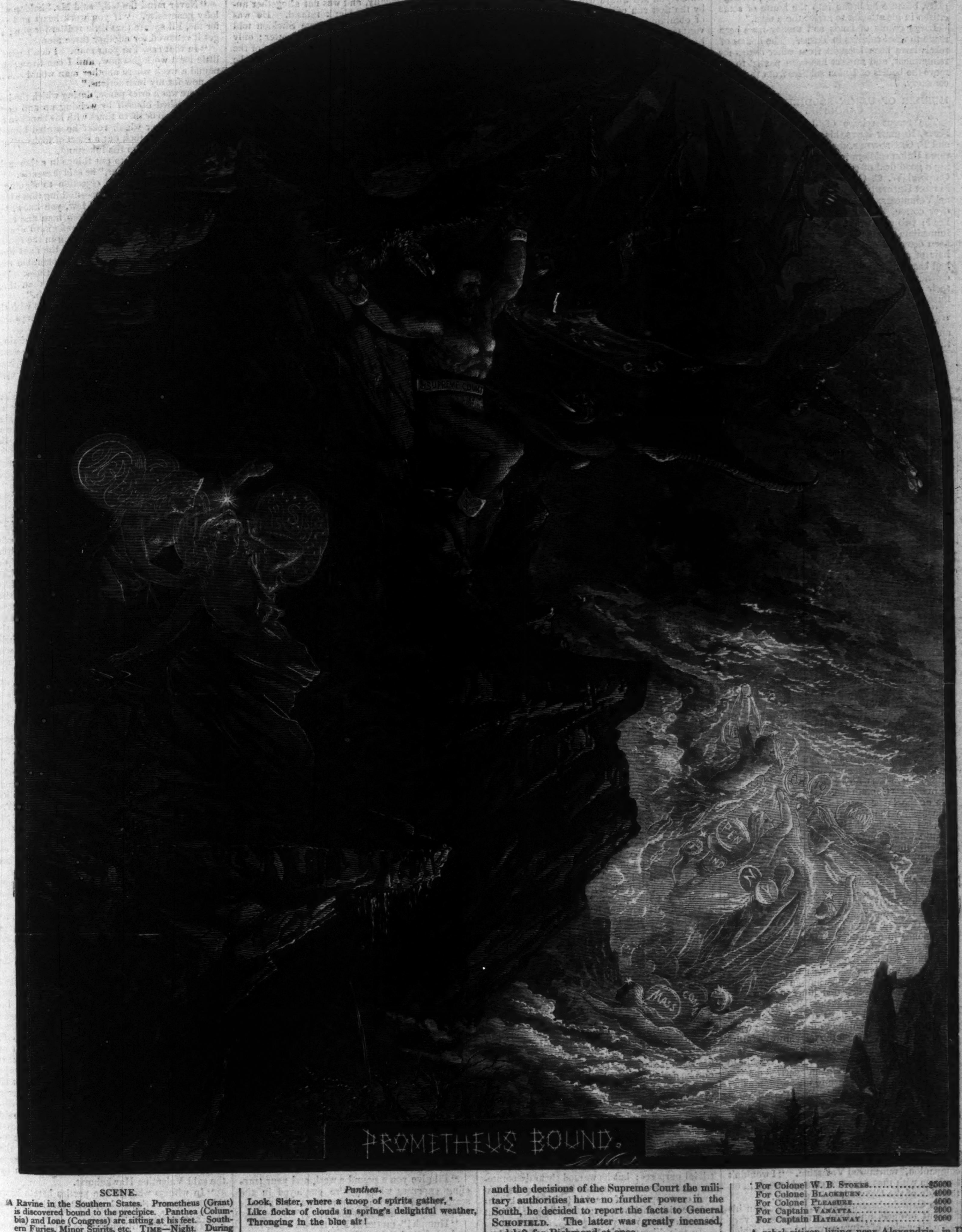
The following curious notice recently appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church: "This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

It was a pointed remark of Franklin's, when he said, "If a wife is only half the scissors, she is often the half with the point."



"WINTER."—Drawn by A. Hunt.—[See Page 138.]



PROMETHEUS BOUND.

SCENE.

A Ravine in the Southern States. Prometheus (Grant) is discovered bound to the precipice. Panthea (Columbia) and Ione (Congress) are sitting at his feet. Southern Furies, Minor Spirits, etc. TIME—Night. During the scene morn slowly breaks.

First Fury.

The hope of torturing him smells like a heap
Of corpses to a death bird after battle.

Second Fury.

We are the ministers of pain and fear,
And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
And clinging crime; and as lean dogs pursue
Through wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,
We track all things that weep and bleed and live,
When the great King (Andy) betrays them to our will.

Ione.

Hark, Sister!—
Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him?

Third Fury.

Blood thou canst see, and fire, and canst hear groans;
Worse things, unheard, unseen, remain behind.

Panthea.

Look, Sister, where a troop of spirits gather,
Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,
Thronging in the blue air!

Ione.

And see! more come!

INSULTS TO UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 6.—A messenger has arrived from Richmond to consult General SCHOFIELD regarding insults to the troops stationed around that city. It appears that while a body of soldiers were marching through the town on the way to camp, on Saturday, the inmates of a private house, occupied by a prominent rebel family, displayed the rebel flag from the windows and greeted them with jeers and taunts.

General R. S. GRANGER, in command during General SCHOFIELD's absence, at first determined to arrest the whole party and occupy the house; but reflecting that under the President's orders and the decisions of the Supreme Court the military authorities have no further power in the South, he decided to report the facts to General SCHOFIELD. The latter was greatly incensed, and left for Richmond at once.

REWARDS OFFERED FOR THE KILLING OF UNION OFFICERS IN TENNESSEE.

The Nashville Press and Times of February 4, contained the following statement:

We have received direct information of a diabolical conspiracy which has been entered into by certain rebel citizens of Cannon, White, and Warren Counties, to procure the assassination of a number of leading and influential Union men, all late officers of the Federal Army, residing in the Third Congressional District. The following are the names of the persons marked out for death and the sums offered for making way with them:

For Colonel W. B. STOKES	$5000
For Colonel BLACKBURN	4000
For Colonel PLEASURE	4000
For Captain VANATTA	2000
For Captain HATHAWAY	2000

A rebel citizen living near Alexandria, in De Kalb County, has offered to give $1000 for the assassination of Captain VANATTA. It is understood that three notorious cut-throats, who were once members of CHAMP FERGUSON's gang of bushwhackers, have been employed to do the work. Several Union citizens, fearful of their lives, have fled to Alexandria for safety, where a number of discharged Federal soldiers, formerly belonging to Colonel STOKES's cavalry, reside.

STATE OF THINGS IN TEXAS.

General SHERIDAN says: "Two soldiers were shot at Brenham, Texas, about two months ago; they were unarmed, and offered no provocation. The grand jury could find no bill against their would-be assassins, but found a bill against Brevet Major SMITH, Seventeenth Infantry, for burglary, because he broke into the house of some citizen in his attempt to arrest these men."

Large grants of lands and money have been made to rebel soldiers in Texas. The bodies of rebels have been brought from other States for reinterment, and an Act has been passed to remove the bodies of Union soldiers from the State cemetery.

MURDER OF UNION SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The recent release of JOSEPH CRAWFORD KEYS, ROBERT KEYS, his son, ELISHA BYREN, and F. G. STOWERS, for the wanton murder of three Union soldiers in South Carolina, is creating a good deal of comment. The victims were Corporal W. C. CORBETT, EMORY SMITH, and MASON BROWNING, all of the First Maine Veteran Volunteers, who were killed while on guard over cotton. Each had been shot through the head; two with wounds which must have caused immediate death; the third evidently having been drowned after receiving his wound. The hair of each was scorched, showing the pistols had been discharged close to their heads. The defendants are very rich, and it is stated one of their counsel alone received $10,000 for his influence with the President in the matter.

"In South Carolina," says General SICKLES, "when arrests are made by military authority, and the parties turned over to the civil tribunals, the accused are generally admitted to easy bail."

"WINTER."

[*See the Illustration on page 136.*]

THE sun is sinking in the wintry sky,
And all the landscape lies enwrapp'd in snow:
The day is dying, and to see it die
Come youth and age, who watch the fading glow.
Age looks forth wistfully, and longs to go
Thus gently, silently, to peaceful rest:
Youth, full of hope, unconscious of life's woe,
Gazes in gladness on the glowing west.
Old age is weary—he has played his part—
Life's wintry day is drawing to its close;
But spring is shining in the child's young heart,
Like dew-drops gleaming on the budding rose.
The night is coming; but the morn is near,
When light, and life, and hope shall reappear.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMPACT OF GRAY'S INN.

THE sand which ran so swiftly in the glass which that bright young urchin Love had wrested from the hand of grim old Time ran with an almost equal swiftness in the hour-glasses of lodging-house keepers and trades-people, and the necessities of every day demanded perpetual exertion on the part of Mr. Hawkehurst, let Charlotte's eyes be never so bright, and Charlotte's society never so dear. For Captain Paget and his protégé there was no such thing as rest; and the ingenious Captain took care that the greater part of the labor should be performed by Valentine, while the lion's share of the spoil was pounced upon by the ready paw of the noble Horatio. Just now he found his pupil unusually plastic, unusually careless of his own interests, and ready to serve his master with agreeable blindness.

Since that awkward little affair at Forêtdechêne, that tiresome entanglement about a King of Spades which had put in an appearance at a moment when no such monarch was to be expected, Captain Paget had obtained the means of existence in a manner which was almost respectable, if not altogether honest; for it is not to be supposed that honesty and respectability are by any means synonymous terms. It was only by the exercise of superhuman address that the Captain had extricated himself from that perplexing predicament at the Belgian watering-place; and it may be that the unpleasant experiences of that particular evening were not without a salutary effect upon the adventurer's future plans.

"It was touch-and-go work, Val," he said to his companion; "and if I hadn't carried matters with a high hand, and sprung my position as an officer in the English service upon those French ruffians, I don't know where it would have ended."

"It might have come to a metallic ornamentation of the ankle, and some amiable 444, who has murdered his grandmother with a red-hot poker and extenuating circumstances, for your companion," murmured Valentine. "I wouldn't try it on with that supererogatory king again on this side of the Channel, if I were you."

The Captain bestowed a freezing look on his flippant protégé, and then commenced a very grave discussion of future ways and means, which ended in an immediate departure for Paris, where the two men entered upon an unpretentious career in the commercial line as agents and travelers for the patentees of an improved kind of gutta percha, which material was supposed to be applicable to every imaginable purpose, from the sole of an infant's boot to the roof of a cathedral. There are times when genius must stoop to pick up its daily pittance; and for twelve months the elegant Horatio Paget was content to devote his best energies to the perpetual praise of the Incorrodible and Indestructible and Incombustible India rubber, in consideration of a very modest percentage on his commercial transactions in that material. To exert the persuasive eloquence of a Burke or a Thurlow in order to induce a man to roof his new warehouses with a fabric which you are aware will be torn into ribbons by the first run of stormy weather, for the sake of obtaining two-and-a-half per cent on his investment, may not be in accordance with the honorable notions of a Bayard, and yet in a commercial sense may be strictly correct. It was only when Captain Paget had made a comfortable little purse out of his percentage upon the Incorrodible and Incombustible that he discovered the extreme degradation of his position as agent and traveler. He determined on returning to the land of his birth. Joint-stock companies were beginning to multiply in the commercial world at this period; and wherever there are many schemes for the investment of public capital there is room for such a man as Horatio Paget; a man who, with the aid of a hired brougham, can inspire confidence in the breast of the least daring speculator.

The Captain came, accompanied as usual by that plastic tool and subaltern, Valentine Hawkehurst, who, being afflicted with a chronic weariness of every thing in life, was always eager to abandon any present pursuit in favor of the vaguest contingency, and to shake off the dust of any given locality from his vagabond feet. Captain Paget and his protégé came to London, where a fortunate combination of circumstances threw him in the way of Mr. Sheldon.

The alliance which arose between that gentleman and the Captain opened a fair prospect for the latter. Mr. Sheldon was interested in the formation of a certain joint-stock company, but had his own reasons for not wishing to be identified with it. A stalking-horse is by no means a difficult kind of animal to procure in the cattle-fairs of London; but a stalking-horse whose paces are sufficiently showy and imposing—a high-stepper, of thorough-bred appearance, and a mouth sensitively alive to the lightest touch of the curb, easy to ride or drive, warranted neither a kicker nor a bolter—is a quadruped of rare excellence not to be met with every day. Just such a stalking-horse was Captain Paget; and Mr. Sheldon lost no time in putting him into action. It is scarcely necessary to say that the stock-broker trusted his new acquaintance only so far as it was absolutely necessary to trust him; or that the Captain and the stock-broker thoroughly understood each other without affecting to do so. For Horatio Paget the sun of prosperity arose in unaccustomed splendor. He was able to pay for his lodgings, and was an eminently respectable person in the eyes of his landlord. He enjoyed the daily use of a neatly-appointed brougham, in which only the most practiced eye could discover the taint of the livery stable. He dined sumptuously at fashionable restaurants, and wore the freshest of lavender gloves, the most delicate of waxen heath blossoms or creamy-tinted exotics in the button-hole of his faultless coat.

While the chief flourished, the subaltern was comparatively idle. The patrician appearance and manners of the Captain were a perennial source of profit to that gentleman; but Valentine Hawkehurst had not a patrician appearance; and the work which Mr. Sheldon found for him was of a more uncertain and less profitable character than that which fell to the share of the elegant Horatio. But Valentine was content. He shared the Captain's lodging, though he did not partake of the Captain's dinners or ride in the smart little brougham. He had a roof to shelter him, and was rarely unprovided with the price of some kind of dinner; and as this was the highest order of prosperity he had ever known he was content. He was more than content; for the first time in his existence he knew what it was to be happy. A purer joy than life had ever held for him until now made him careless whether his dinner cost eighteen pence or eighteen shillings; whether he rode in the most perfect of broughams or walked in the mud. He took no heed for the future; he forgot the past, and abandoned himself heart and soul to the new delights of the present.

Never had Philip Sheldon found so willing a tool, so cheap a drudge. Valentine was ready to do any thing or every thing for Charlotte's step-father, since his relations with that gentleman enabled him to spend so much of his life with Charlotte.

But even in this sublimated state of mind Mr. Hawkehurst was not exempt from the great necessity of Mr. Skimpole and humanity at large. He wanted pounds. His garments were shabby, and he desired new and elegant raiment in which to appear to advantage before the eyes of the woman he loved. It had been his privilege on several occasions to escort Mrs. Sheldon and the two younger ladies to a theatre; and even this privilege had cost him money. He wanted pounds to expend upon those new books and music which served so often as the excuse for a visit to the Lawn. He wanted pounds for very trivial purposes; but he wanted them desperately. A lover without pounds is the most helpless and contemptible of mankind; he is a knight errant without his armor, a troubadour without his lute.

In this dilemma Mr. Hawkehurst resorted to that simple method which civilization has devised for the relief of pecuniary difficulties of a temporary nature. He had met George Sheldon several times at the Lawn, and had become tolerably intimate with that gentleman, whom he now knew to be "the Sheldon of Gray's Inn," and the ally and agent of certain bill-discounters. To George he went one morning and after requesting that Captain Paget should know nothing of his application, explained his requirements. It was a very small sum which he asked for, modestly conscious that the security he had to offer was of the weakest. He only wanted thirty pounds, and was willing to give a bill at two months for five-and-thirty.

There was a good deal of hesitation on the part of the lawyer; but Valentine had expected to meet with some difficulty, and was not altogether unprepared for a point-blank refusal. He was agreeably surprised when George Sheldon told him he would manage "that little matter; only the bill must be for forty." But in proof of the liberal spirit in which Mr. Hawkehurst was to be treated, the friendly lawyer informed him that the two months should be extended to three.

Valentine did not stop to consider that by this friendly process he was to pay at the rate of something over a hundred and thirty per cent. per annum for the use of the money he wanted. He knew that this was his only chance of getting money; so he shut his eyes to the expensive nature of the transaction, and thanked Mr. Sheldon for the accommodation granted to him.

"And now we've settled that little business, I should like to have a few minutes' private chat with you," said George, "on the understanding that what passes between you and me is strictly confidential."

"Of course!"

"You seem to have been leading rather an idle life for the last few months; and it strikes me, Mr. Hawkehurst, you're too clever a fellow to care about that sort of thing."

"Well, I have been in some measure wasting my sweetness on the desert air," Valentine answered, carelessly. "The governor seems to have slipped into a good berth by your brother's agency; but I am not Horatio Nugent Cromie Paget, and the brougham and lavender kids of the Promoter are not for me."

"There is money to be picked up by better dodges than promoting," replied the attorney, ambiguously; "but I suppose you wouldn't care for any thing that didn't bring immediate cash? You wouldn't care to speculate the chances, however well the business might promise?"

"*C'est selon!* That's as may be," answered Valentine, coolly. "You see those affairs that promise so much are apt to fail when it comes to a question of performance. I'm not a capitalist; I can't afford to become a speculator. I've been living from hand to mouth lately by means of occasional contributions to a sporting weekly, and a little bit of business which your brother threw in my way. I've been able to be tolerably useful to him, and he promises to get me something in the way of a clerkship, foreign correspondence, and that kind of thing."

"Humph!" muttered George Sheldon; "that means eighty pounds a year and fourteen hours' work a day, letters that must be answered by this mail, and so on. I don't think that kind of drudgery would ever suit you, Hawkehurst. You've not served the right apprenticeship for that sort of thing; you ought to try for some higher game. What should you say to an affair that might put two or three thousand pounds in your pocket if it was successful?"

"I should feel very much inclined to fancy it a bubble; one of those dazzling rainbow-tinted globes which look so bright dancing about in the sunshine, and explode into nothing directly they encounter any tangible substance. However, my dear Sheldon, if you really have any employment to offer a versatile young man who is not overburdened with vulgar prejudices, you'd better put the business in plain words."

"I will," answered George; "but it's not an affair that can be discussed in five minutes. It's rather a serious matter, and involves a good deal of consideration. I know that you're a man of the world, and a very clever fellow into the bargain; but there's something more than that wanted for this business, and that is patience. The hare is a very fine animal in her way, you know; but a man must have a little of the tortoise in him if he wants to achieve any thing out of the common run in the way of good luck. I have been working, and waiting, and speculating the chances for the last fifteen years, and I think I've got a good chance at last. But there's a good deal of work to be done before the business is finished; and I find that I must have some one to help me."

"What sort of business is it?"

"The search for the heir-at-law of a man who has died intestate within the last ten years."

The two men looked at each other at this juncture; and Valentine Hawkehurst smiled significantly.

"Within the last ten years?" he said. "That's rather a wide margin."

"Do you think you would be a good hand at hunting up the missing links in the chain of a family history?" asked Mr. Sheldon. "It's rather tiresome work, you know, and requires no common amount of patience and perseverance."

"I can persevere," said Valentine, decisively, "if you can show me that it will be worth my while to do so. You want an heir-at-law, and I'm to look for him. What am I to get while I'm looking for him? and what is to be my reward if I find him?"

"I'll give you a pound a week and your traveling expenses while you're employed in the search; and I'll give you three thousand pounds on the day the heir gets his rights?"

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Hawkehurst, rather doubtfully; "three thousand pounds is a very respectable haul. But then, you see, I may fail to discover the heir; and even if I do find him the chances are ten to one that the business would be thrown into Chancery at the last moment; in which case I might wait till doomsday for the reward of my labors."

George Sheldon shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He had expected this penniless adventurer to catch eagerly at the chance he offered.

"Three thousand pounds are not to be picked up in the streets," he said. "If you don't care to work with me, I can find plenty of clever fellows in London who'll jump at the business."

"And you want me to begin work—?"

"Immediately."

"And how am I to pay forty pounds in three months out of a pound a week?"

"Never mind the bill," said Mr. Sheldon with lofty generosity. "If you work heart and soul for me, I'll square that little matter for you; I'll get it renewed for another three months."

"In that case I'm your man. I don't mind a little hard work just now, and I can live upon a pound a week where another man would starve. So now for my instructions."

There was a brief pause, during which the lawyer refreshed himself by walking up and down his office two or three times with his hands in his pockets. After which relief he seated himself before his desk, took out a sheet of foolscap, and selected a pen from the ink-stand.

"It's just as well to put things in a thoroughly business-like manner," he said presently. "I suppose you'd have no objection to signing a memorandum of agreement—nothing that would be of any use in a court of law, you know, but a simple understanding between man and man, for our own satisfaction, as a safeguard against all possibility of misunderstanding in the future. I've every reason to consider you the most honorable of men, you know; but honorable men turn round upon each other sometimes. You might ask me for something more than three thou'—if you succeeded in your search."

"Precisely; or I might make terms with the heir-at-law, and throw you over. Perhaps that was your idea."

"Not exactly. The first half of the chain is in my hands, and the second half will be worth nothing without it. But to prevent all unpleasantness we may as well put our intentions upon record."

"I've not the least objection," replied Valentine, with supreme indifference. "Draw up whatever memorandum you please and I'll sign it. If you don't mind smoke, I should like to console myself with a cigar while you draw the bond."

The question was a polite formula, the atmosphere of George Sheldon's office being redolent of stale tobacco.

"Smoke away," said the lawyer; "and if you can drink brandy and soda at this time of day you'll find the *de quoi* in that cupboard. Make yourself at home."

Mr. Hawkehurst declined the brandy and soda, and regaled himself only with a cigar, which he took from his own case. He sat in one of the second-floor windows smoking, and looking dreamily into the gardens, while George Sheldon drew up the agreement. He was thinking that any hazard which took him away from London and Charlotte Halliday might be a fortunate one.

The lawyer finished his document, which he read aloud for the benefit of the gentleman who was to sign it. The agreement was in the following terms:

"Memorandum of agreement between George Sheldon on the one part, and Valentine Hawkehurst on the other part, whereby it is this day mutually agreed by and between the parties hereto as follows:

"1. That, in consideration of a weekly salary of one pound while in pursuit of certain inquiries, and of the sum of three thousand pounds to be paid upon the arising of a certain event, namely, the establishment of an heir-at-law to the estates of the late John Haygarth, the said Valentine Hawkehurst shall act as agent for the said George Sheldon, and shall not at any time during the continuance of this agreement do any act to prejudice the inquiry or the steps now being taken by the said George Sheldon to discover and establish an heir-at-law to the estates of the late John Haygarth.

"2. That at no time hereafter shall the said Valentine Hawkehurst be entitled to a larger recompense than is hereinbefore provided: nor shall he be liable to the said George Sheldon for the return of any moneys which the said George Sheldon may advance on account of the said inquiries in the event of the same not resulting in the establishment of an heir to the estates of the late John Haygarth.

"3. That the said Valentine Hawkehurst shall not alter his character of agent to the said George Sheldon during the prosecution of the said inquiry: that he shall deliver over to the said George Sheldon all documents and other forms of evidence that may arise from his, the said Valentine Hawkehurst's, inquiries: and that he shall week by week, and every week, and as often as may be necessary, report to the said George Sheldon the result of such inquiries, and that he shall not on any pretense whatever be at liberty to withhold such fruits of his researches, nor discover the same to any one else than the said George Sheldon, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds, to be recovered as liquidated damages previously agreed between the parties as the measure of damages payable to the said George Sheldon upon the breach of this agreement by the said Valentine Hawkehurst.

"In witness whereof the parties hereto have this 20th day of September, 1862, set their hands and affixed their seals."

"That sounds stiff enough to hold water in a court of law," said Valentine when George Sheldon had recited the contents of the document.

"I don't suppose it would be much good in Chancery Lane," returned the lawyer carelessly; "though I dare say it sounds rather formidable to you. When one gets the trick of the legal jargon, it's not easy to draw the simplest form of agreement without a few superfluous words. I may as well call in my clerk to witness our signatures, I suppose."

"Call in any one you like."

The clerk was summoned from a sunless and airless den at the back of his principal's office. The two men appended their signatures to the document; the clerk added his in witness of the genuine nature of those signatures. It was an affair of two minutes. The clerk was dismissed. Mr. Sheldon blotted and folded the memorandum, and laid it aside in one of the drawers of his desk.

"Come," he said cheerily, "that's a business-like beginning at any rate. And now you'd better have some brandy and soda, for what I've got to say will take some time in the saying of it."

On this occasion Mr. Hawkehurst accepted the lawyer's hospitality, and there was some little delay before the conversation proceeded.

It was a very long conversation. Mr. Sheldon produced a bundle of papers, and exhibited some of them to his agent, beginning with that advertisement in the *Times* which had first attracted his notice, but taking very good care *not* to show his coadjutor the obituary in the *Observer* wherein the amount of the intestate's fortune was stated. The ready wits which had been sharpened at so many different grindstones proved keen enough for the occasion. Valentine Hawkehurst had had little to do with genealogies or baptismal registers during his past career; but his experiences was of such a manifold nature that he was not easily to be baffled or mystified by any new experience. He showed himself almost as quick at tracing up the intricacies of a family tree as Mr. Sheldon, the astute attorney and practiced genealogist.

"I have traced these Haygarths back to the intestate's great-grandfather, who was a carpenter and a Puritan in the reign of Charles the First. He seems to have made money—how, I have not been able to discover with any certainty; but it is more than probable he served in the civil wars, and came in for some of the plunder those crop-eared, psalm-singing, Pierce-the-brain-of-the-tyrant-with-the-nail-of-Jael scoundrels were always in the way of, at the sack of Royalist mansions. The man made money; and his son, the grandfather of the intestate, was a wealthy citizen in the reigns of Anne and the first George. He was a grocer, and lived in the market-place of Ullerton in Leicestershire; an out-of-the-way sleepy place it is now, but was prosperous enough in those days, I dare say. This man (the grandfather) began the world well-off, and amassed a large fortune before he had done with it. The lucky beggar lived in the days when free-trade and competition were unknown, when tea was something like sixty shillings a pound, and when a psalm-singing sleek-haired fellow with a reputation for wealth and honesty might cheat his customers to his heart's content. He had one son, Matthew, who seems, from what I can gather, to have been a wild sort of fellow in the early part of his career, and not to have been at any time on the best possible terms with the sanctimonious dad. This Matthew married at fifty-three years of age, and died a year after his marriage, leaving one son, who afterward became the reverend intestate, with whom, according to the evidence at present before me, ends the direct line of the Haygarths." The lawyer paused, turned over two or three papers, and then resumed his explanation. "The sanctimonious grocer, Jonathan Haygarth, had one other child besides the son—a daughter called Ruth, who married a certain Peter Judson, and became the mother of a string of sons and daughters; and it is among the descendants of these Judsons that we may have to look for our heir-at-law, unless we find him nearer home. Now, my idea is, that we *shall* find him nearer home."

"What reason have you for forming that idea?" asked Valentine.

"I'll tell you. This Matthew Haygarth is known to have been a wild fellow. I obtained a good deal of fragmentary information about him from an old man in some alms-houses at Ullerton, whose grandfather was a school-fellow of Matthew's. He was a scape-grace, and was always spending money in London while the respectable psalm-singer was hoarding it in Ullerton. There used to be desperate quarrels between the two men, and toward the end of Jonathan Haygarth's life the old man made half a dozen different wills in favor of half a dozen different people, and cutting off scape-grace Matthew with a shilling. Fortunately for scape-grace Matthew, the old man had a habit of quarreling with his dearest friends—a fashion not quite exploded in this enlightened nineteenth century—and the wills were burned one after another, until the worthy Jonathan became as helpless and foolish as his great contemporary and namesake, the Dean of St. Patrick's; and after having died 'first at top,' did his son the favor to die altogether, *intestate*, whereby the roysterer and spendthrift of Soho and Covent Garden came into a very handsome fortune. The old man died in 1766, aged eighty; a very fine specimen of your good old English tradesman of the Puritanical school. The roysterer, Matthew, was by this time forty-six years of age, and, I suppose, had grown tired of roystering. In any case he appears to have settled down very quietly in the old family house in the Ullerton market-place, where he married a respectable damsel of the Puritan school, some seven years after, and in which house, or in the neighborhood whereof, he departed this life, with awful suddenness, one year after his marriage, leaving his son and heir, the reverend intestate. And now, my dear Hawkehurst, you're a sharp fellow, and I dare say a good hand at guessing social conundrums; so perhaps you begin to see my idea."

"I can't say I do."

"My notion is that Matthew Haygarth may possibly have married before he was fifty-three years of age. Men of his stamp don't often live to that ripe age without being caught in matrimonial toils somehow or other. It was in the days of Fleet marriages, in the days when young men about town were even more reckless and more likely to become the prey of feminine deception than they are now. The fact that Matthew Haygarth revealed no such marriage is no conclusive evidence against my hypothesis. He died very suddenly—intestate, as it seems the habit of these Haygarths to die; and he had never made any adjustment of his affairs. According to the oldest inhabitant in Ullerton alms-houses, this Matthew was a very handsome fellow, generous-hearted, open-handed; a devil-may-care kind of a chap; the type of the rollicking heroes in old comedies; the very man to fall over head and ears in love before he was twenty, and to go through fire and water for the sake of the woman he loved. In short, the very last man upon earth to live a bachelor until his fifty-fourth year."

"He may—"

"He may have been a profligate, you were going to say, and have had baser ties than those of Church and State. So he may; but if he was a scoundrel tradition flatters him. Of course all the information one can gather about a man who died in 1774 must needs be of a very uncertain and fragmentary character. But if I can trust the rather hazy recollections of my oldest inhabitant about what his father told him *his* father had said of wild Mat Haygarth, the young man's wildness was very free from vice. There is no legend of innocence betrayed or infamy fostered by Matthew Haygarth. He appears to have enjoyed what the young men of that day called life—attended cock-fights, beat the watch, gambled a little, and was intimately acquainted with the interior of the Fleet and Marshalsea prisons. For nearly twenty years he seems to have lived in London; and during all those years he was lost sight of by the Ullerton people. My oldest inhabitant's grandfather was clerk to a merchant in the city of London, and had therefore some opportunity of knowing his old school-fellow's proceedings in the metropolis. But the two townsmen don't seem to have seen much of each other in the big city. Their meetings were rare, and, so far as I can make out, for the most part accidental. But, as I said before, my oldest inhabitant is somewhat hazy, and excruciatingly prolix; his chaff is in the proportion of some fifty to one of his wheat. I've given a good deal of time to this case already, you see, Mr. Hawkehurst; and you'll find *your* work very smooth sailing, compared to what I've gone through."

"I dare say that sort of investigation *is* rather tiresome in the earlier stages."

"You'd say so, with a vengeance, if you had to do it," answered George Sheldon, almost savagely. "You start with the obituary of some old bloke who was so disgustingly old when he consented to die that there is no one living who can tell you when he was born, or who were his father and mother; for, of course, the old idiot takes care not to leave a blessed document of any kind which can aid a fellow in his researches. And when you've had the trouble of hunting up half a dozen men of the same name, and have addled your wretched brains in the attempt to patch the half dozen men—turning up at different periods and in different places—into one man, they all tumble to pieces like a child's puzzle, and you find yourself as far as ever from the man you want. However, *you* won't have to do any of that work," added Mr. Sheldon, who was almost in a passion when he remembered the trouble he had gone through. "The ground has been all laid out for you, by Jove, as smooth as a tea-garden; and if you look sharp, you'll pick up your three thou' before you know where you are."

"I hope I shall," answered Valentine, coolly. He was not the sort of person to go into raptures about three thousand pounds, though such a sum must needs have seemed to him the wealth of a small Rothschild. "I know I want money badly enough, and am ready and willing to work for it conscientiously, if I get the chance. But to return to this Matthew Haygarth. Your idea is that there may have been a marriage previous to the one at Ullerton."

"Precisely. Of course there may have been no such previous marriage; but you see it's on the cards; and since it *is* on the cards, my notion is that we had better hunt up the history of Matthew Haygarth's life in London, and try to find our heir-at-law *there*, before we go in for the Judsons. If you knew how the Judsons have married and multiplied, and lost themselves among herds of other people, you wouldn't care about tracing the ramifications of *their* family tree," said Mr. Sheldon, with a weary sigh.

"So be it," exclaimed Mr. Hawkehurst, carelessly; "we'll leave the Judsons alone, and go in for Matthew Haygarth."

He spoke with the air of an archæological Hercules, to whom difficulties were nothing. It seemed as if he would have been quite ready to "go in" for some sidereal branch of the Plantagenets, or the female descendants of the Hardi Canute family, if George Sheldon had suggested that the intestate's next of kin was to be found *there*.

"Mat Haygarth, by all means," he said. He was on jolly-good-fellow-ish terms with the dead and gone grocer's son already, and had the tone of a man who had been his friend and boon companion. "Mat Haygarth is our man. But how are we to ferret out his doings in London? A man who was born in 1720 is rather a remote kind of animal."

"The secret of success in these matters is time," answered the lawyer, sententiously; "a man must have no end of time; and he must keep his brain clear of all other business. Those two conditions are impossible for me, and that's why I want a coadjutor: now you're a clever young fellow, with no profession, with no particular social ties, as I can make out, and your time is all your own; ergo, you're the very man for this business. The thing is to be done: accept that for a certainty. It's only a question of time. Indeed, when you look at life philosophically, what is there on earth that is *not* a question of time? Give the crossing-sweeper between this and Chancery Lane time enough, and he might develop into a Rothschild. He might want nine hundred years or so to do it in; but there's no doubt he could do it, if you gave him time."

Mr. Sheldon was becoming expansive under the influence of the brandy-and-soda; for even that mild beverage is not without its effect on the intellectual man.

"As to this Haygarth case," he resumed, after the consumption of a little more soda and a little more brandy, "it's a sure success, if we work it properly; and you know three thou' is not to be despised," added George, persuasively, "even if a fellow has to wait some time for it."

"Certainly not. And the bulk of the Haygarthian fortune—I suppose that's something rather stiff," returned Valentine, in the same persuasive tone.

"Well, you may suppose it's a decent figure," answered Mr. Sheldon, with an air of deprecation, "or how could I afford to give you three thou' out of the share I am likely to get?"

"No, to be sure. I think I shall take to the work well enough when once I get my hand in; but I shall be very glad of any hint you can give me at starting."

"Well, my advice is this: begin at the beginning; go down to Ullerton; see my oldest inhabitant; I pumped him as dry as I could, but I couldn't give myself enough time for thoroughly exhaustive pumping; one has to waste a small eternity before one gets any thing valuable out of those hazy old fellows. Follow up this Matthew from his birth; see the place where he was born; ferret out every detail of his life, so far as it is to be ferreted; trace his way step by step to London, and when you get him there, stick to him like a leech. Don't let him slip through your fingers for a day; hunt him from lodging to lodging, from tavern to tavern, into jail and out of jail—tantivy, yoicks, hark-forward! I know it's deuced hard work; but a man must work uncommonly hard in these days before he picks up three thou'. In a few words, the game is all before you; so go in and win," concluded George Sheldon, as he poured the last amber drops from the slim smoke-colored bottle, and swallowed his glass of brandy undiluted by soda.

THE TWO VOYAGES.

I.

Swiftly, swiftly, we onward glide,
Borne by the wind and the fav'ring tide;
We pass by hamlet, by park, and hall,
And meadows where holiday festival
Is kept: and our hearts beat feather light,
While the sun o'erhead shines warm and bright.

And such is life through its opening years,
Before the burden of grief and tears;
Life when the birds of promise sing,
And happiness dwells with every thing—
When the cloud that veils the early morn
Is gone ere we scarce can say 'tis born.

II.

Heavily, heavily, now we glide,
For we fight with wind and we fight with tide;
The day is done, and the shadows fall,
Darkness soon will envelop all:
Brave strokes are wanting; come, pull away,
That we be not lost with the close of day.

So when we are old, and worn, and gray,
And friends once with us are pass'd away,
When we are left to struggle alone,
With many a weary, weary moan,
We must not falter nor drop an oar
Till we land on yonder eternal shore.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Have we a lottery among us? Some complaints are made of the manner in which the drawing of the Union Home School Presentation Festival has been managed; and the provisions of our State statute relative to lotteries are invoked as being applicable to such distributions. Every one knows that lotteries were formerly considered—if fairly conducted—perfectly legitimate modes of raising money for benevolent purposes. Thus a large part of the endowment of Union College was obtained by a lottery, and there have been many similar cases. They are now, however, altogether prohibited by the State Constitution, and conducting them or selling tickets in them is a punishable offense by statute. Recently one or two complaints have been made against persons who took part in the Union Home School enterprise, charging them with violating the law. The first complaint was dismissed by the magistrate upon the ground that such presentation enterprises were not unlawful, not being "lotteries." Another complaint has been since preferred against one of the clerks of Thomas & Co., the managers of the Union Home School Presentation, before another magistrate, who took a different view of the law, and committed the accused for trial. It is said that the question will be carried before the Supreme Court.

People take "good luck" very differently. Mr. Lee, who drew the Crosby Opera-house, in the recent distribution at Chicago, is said to have been not at all excited when the news first came. He was at first incredulous. But neighbors and friends flocked in upon him, and strangers thronged his door, inquiring for "Mr. Lee, the man that drew the Opera-house;" dispatches came from unknown friends telling him to "hold on to his ticket;" until at last even his own family, to his unbounded astonishment, began to believe in his success. Nevertheless our philosopher was not convinced. At length late one evening a thundering knock at the door announced another man wanting to see "Mr. Lee, who had drawn the Crosby Opera-house." This time there was no mistake. Bowing to Mr. Lee as to a man of property, the messenger delivered a letter announcing that he was the lucky holder of the winning ticket, the fortunate possessor of the much-coveted Opera-house! Mr. Lee questioned the messenger whether it was "really a fact and no mistake." The most solemn assurance was given that there was no mistake about it. "Very well," wrote Mr. Lee to his brother, "I suppose the Opera-house belongs to me, and I just say to you that it is for sale."

Quite a different story is told of the old man who drew the prize of $10,000 in greenbacks in the Union Home School Presentation. He was poor, and conscientiously opposed to lotteries; but his scruples were overcome by his wife, who had dreamed a dream which induced him to purchase a ticket in the lottery. He received the check for $10,000 with a tremor of delirious joy and unnatural excitement.

We are glad to notice that several of the city mission stations have been furnished with newspapers and magazines, especially designed for the free use of working-men; and rooms are suitably prepared, so that any who desire may have a comfortable place in which to pass a leisure hour pleasantly and profitably. We understand that there is a good collection of newspapers and magazines at No. 27 Greenwich Street, No. 122 Leonard Street, No. 139 Canal Street, No. 60 Bleecker Street, and No. 273 West Twenty-fifth Street.

The largest sale of coal ever made in this country at public auction occurred last week. The coal was the property of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and came from the Company's mines at Pittston. There were 208,000 tons, and the whole of it was sold in twenty-five minutes.

Mr. Andrew Boyd, of this city, is collecting every available memento associated with President Lincoln. He has some thirty bound volumes, and over one hundred unbound, containing information respecting him; besides large numbers of portraits, badges, medals, etc., letters and autographs by Mr. Lincoln, prospectuses of books about him, posters for the arrest of the assassins—in fine, whatever publication or token, however trifling, that relates to the martyred President.

President Lincoln's old home in Springfield, Illinois, is occupied by a family who keep things as nearly as possible as they were while he lived in it. It has been visited by over fifty thousand people since the assassination.

The Broadway Aerial Bridge is fairly commenced, and will probably be completed in about three weeks. We sincerely hope the erection of this bridge will render the duties of the policemen, who so untiringly escort ladies across the crowded thoroughfare in the vicinity of Fulton Street, somewhat less onerous.

A brace of thunder-showers, coming in mid-winter, within about a week of each other, is a rare phenomenon, the like of which even the "oldest inhabitant" can scarcely remember. It has been our fortune to experience this novelty this winter, as well as many other unusual efforts of Nature.

It is said that Artemus Ward's jokes have been too much for him, and that he is seriously ill in London. By-the-way, it has been stated by some New York paper that this noted lecturer "comes from Ohio." Undoubtedly he has been in Ohio, and came away again; but he is a *native* of Waterford, Maine.

If the following, which we clip from an exchange, be a *fact*, it is a fact that somebody ought to be ashamed of:

> "An Outdoor Relief Committee in New York last week found a girl about 18 years old who *exists* by making trimming at five cents per yard, and is able to make only three yards per day of 12 hours. This trimming is sold by the dealers at 75 cents per yard."

Who does not wish—with some "mental reservations"—that he had chanced to have been a "native" of the country in 1811, or thereabouts. Just look at this extract from the prices current at that period. It is taken from a Boston paper of 1811:

> "Butter 13 @ 14 cents; cheese 8 @ 10 cents; cider per barrel $2 @ $2 25; flour sup. $9 @ $9 50; beef 8 @ 10 cents per pound; pork 6 @ 7 cents; veal 7 @ 9 cents; mutton 5 @ 7 cents; poultry 12 @ 14 cents; eggs per dozen 14 @ 16 cents."

No wonder that some of the older inhabitants long for the "good old times!"

Punch quotes the following advertisement:

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

A YOUNG LADY teaches the above in Four Lessons, without any previous knowledge of either.—Apply, etc.

And adds: "There is nothing like frankness. We would rather send for the young lady who makes this open announcement in a West of England paper than for any pretentious person who should puff herself.

"A good girl. If she has no knowledge of what she is going to teach, she is no worse off than many who pretend to a great deal, and we like her candor and truthfulness. Is she disengaged?—we mean, matrimonially. If so, she may send up her photograph. We have several young men on hand."

A nice little story is told of General Washington, by Parton, which will be fresh to many of our readers; and will show him—to *wives*—in the light of a model husband:

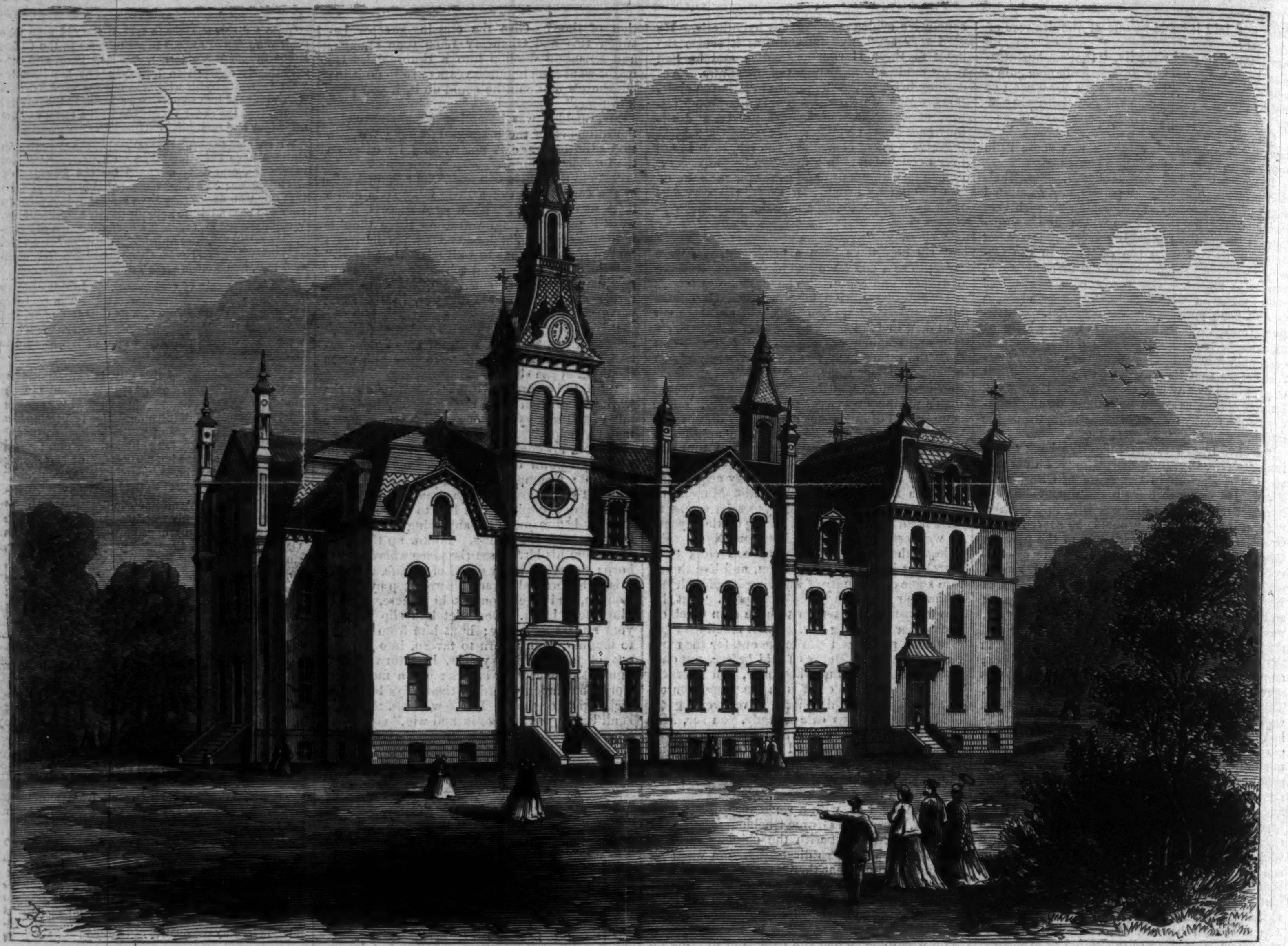
> The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain-lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, relates that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon, in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinions in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:
>
> "Now good sleep to you, my dear."

It is plain the General believed that "it takes two to quarrel."

In familiar language we often hear the phrase "sleeps like a top" applied to a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and some may imagine that the simile is taken from the momentary pause of a humming-top when its rotatory motion is at the height. But this is not so. *Topo*, in Italian, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field-mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*Ei dorme come un topo*," is derived—Anglice, "He sleeps like a top."

A logograph is a kind of charade, in which one word is made to undergo several transformations, and to be significant of several things by addition, subtraction, or substitution of letters. The following on the word Cod is a good example of the logograph:

Cut off my head, how singular I act!
  Cut off my tail, a plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact—
  Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? a sounding sea!
  What is my tail cut off? a flowing river!
Amid their foaming depths I fearless play,
  Parent of softest sounds, though mute forever.



MINNESOTA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT WINONA.—[See next Page.]

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK—RUINS OF THE APPLETON BUILDING, BROADWAY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See page 142.]

NORMAL SCHOOL, WINONA.

WE present in this number a view of the fine edifice now being erected for the Minnesota State Normal School at Winona. Its dimensions are 94 by 166 feet. As will be observed, the building is three and four stories high, exclusive of the basement, which will be eight feet above the surface when graded, and 11 feet above the natural surface. The foundations are laid in solid concrete from 16 to 30 inches deep, and the basement walls are of dressed magnesian limestone of a light cream color. The superstructure is composed of hard-pressed brick, the facings and ornamentation being also of dressed limestone. The first story will be about 13 feet high, the second 16, the third 20, and the fourth 23 feet in the clear.

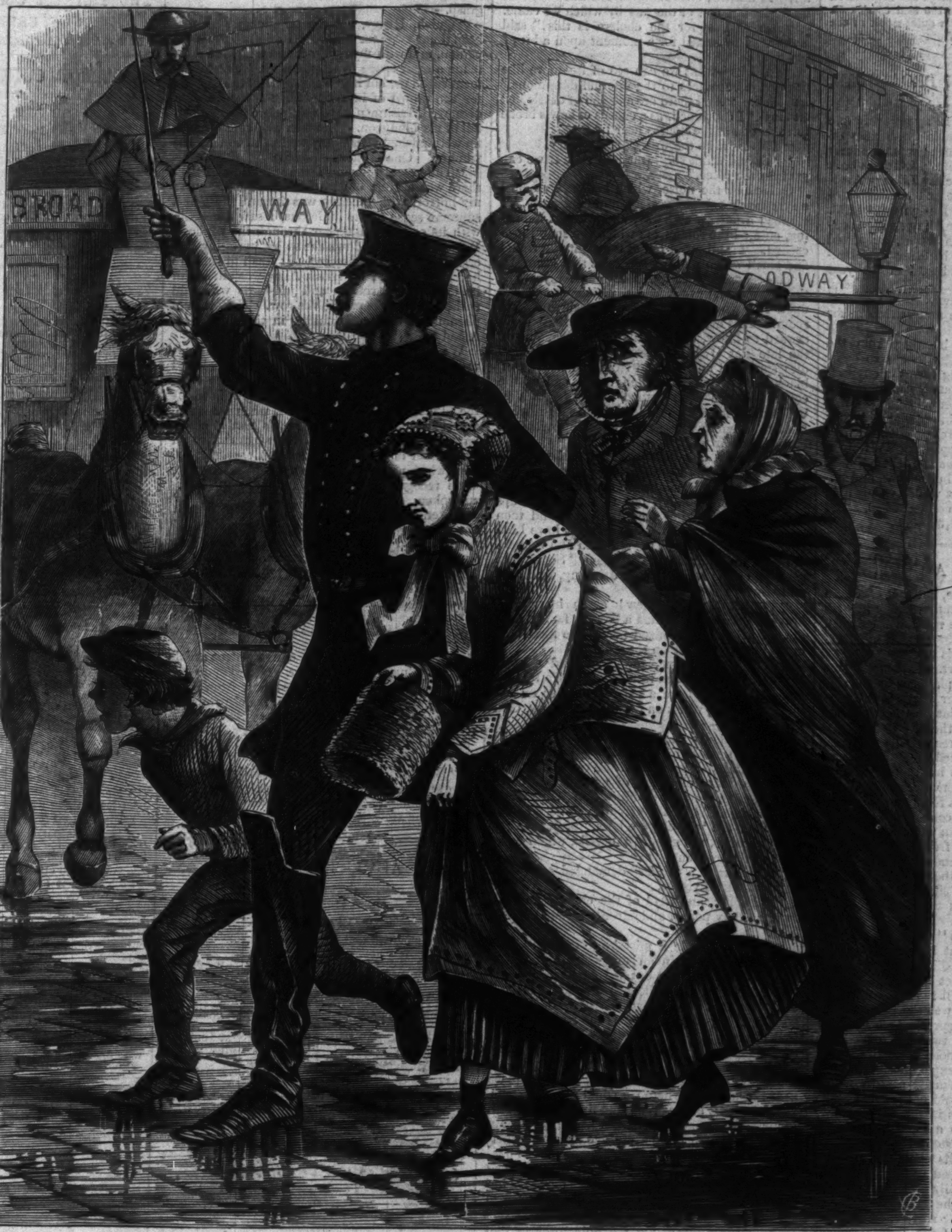
The building will contain, besides the usual recitation and study rooms, a fine laboratory; a large calisthenic room, devoted exclusively to the female pupils · a large library; a spacious lecture-room; and a museum of natural history of the State.

The building is centrally located in the city of Winona, occupying two squares, 300 by 670 feet in area. It presents an imposing front to the Mississippi River. In the rear, and at a distance of about half a mile, is Lake Winona; and beyond the lake, which is about half a mile in width by one and a half in length, lie the magnificent bluffs of this picturesque region, rising to a height of about 500 feet.

This institution was established in 1859, in accordance with an act of the Legislature passed in 1858, the year in which the State was admitted into the Union. It was opened for the admission of students in September, 1860. It continued in operation with varying fortunes for about two years, when it was suspended, owing to embarrassments growing out of the war, and other causes. The Legislature of 1864, however, re-established it on a permanent basis, giving it an annual endowment of $5000. It was reopened and reorganized in November, 1864, under the supervision of Professor WILLIAM F. PHELPS, A.M., formerly of the State Normal School at Albany, New York, but more recently Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School, at Trenton. Since its reorganization its progress has been rapid, and it has won in a remarkable degree the confidence of the people of the State. This is evidenced in the fact that public sentiment enthusiastically sanctions legislative appropriations for a building of such proportions as will require from $80,000 to $100,000 for its completion and equipment.

The recent examinations were attended by the Governor, State officers, and the members of both branches of the Legislature, who traveled 160 miles for the purpose. The architect of the building is G. P. RANDALL, Esq., of Chicago. The State Normal Board, under whose auspices the school is conducted, is composed of seven members, viz.: Dr. J. D. FORD, Winona, President; Hon. H. C. ROGERS, St. Paul, Secretary; Rev. H. J. PARKER, Austin; Hon. DANIEL BUCK, Mankata; Hon. N. F. BARNES, St. Cloud; GEO. W, PRESCOTT, Esq., St. Paul; and JOSEPH HASKELL, Esq., of Afton.

A State which has the sagacity and the liberality to erect such structures as this for educational purposes is far on the highway to greatness. With a present school-fund of nearly one and a half millions of dollars, and a landed endowment which must eventually yield from fifteen to twenty millions for the support of common schools, Minnesota will soon be in the front rank in the march of material and social progress. We heartily congratulate her people upon the brilliant prospects which lie before the "North Star State."



CROSSING BROADWAY.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

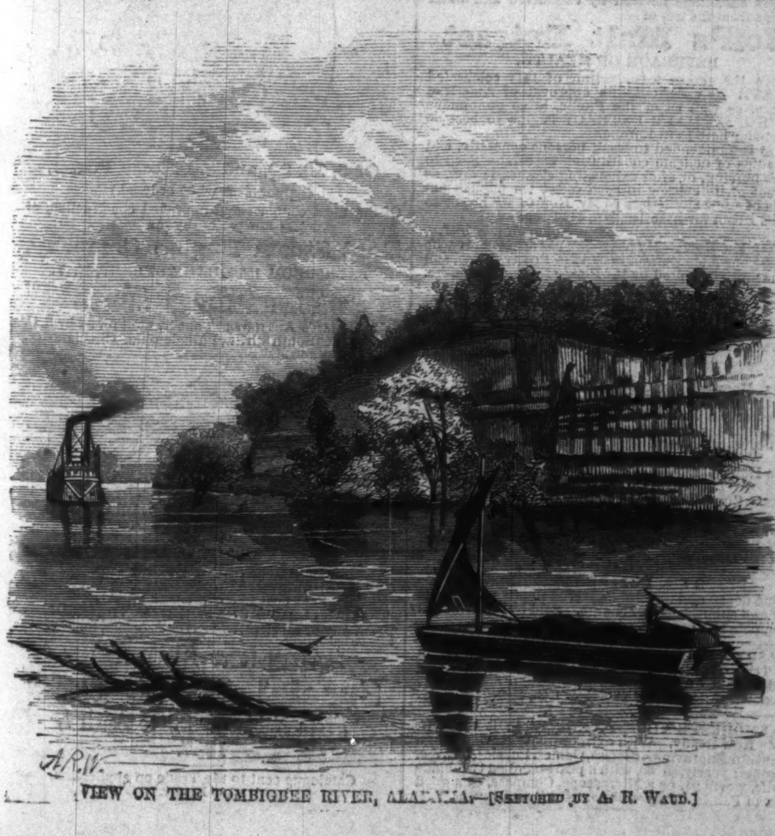
VIEW ON THE TOMBIGBEE.

THE "Bigbee," as it is called for short, takes its name from the Tombeckbee tribe of Indians, who formerly flourished in Alabama. It is a fine stream, running almost parallel with the Alabama River to the Gulf of Mexico.

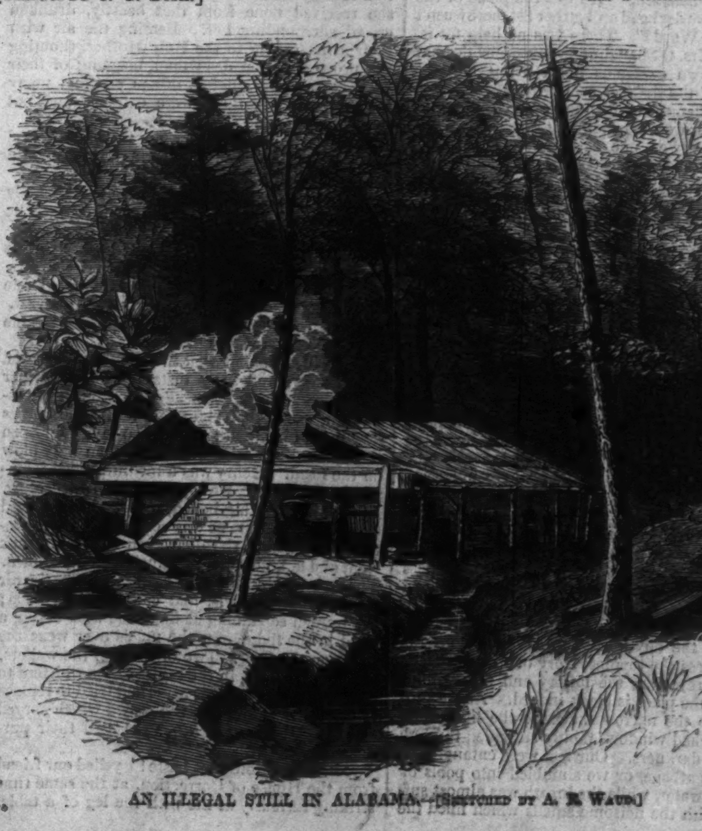
The sketch was taken near St. Stephens, Washington County. Below this point the banks of the river are rather flat, and subject to partial inundation. It is a rich cotton and corn country, and, in the pine woods, quite healthy. The roads are exceeding bad, and the country unsettled. Good land can be bought cheap, either woodland or cleared; but the facilities of intercourse are so limited that there is little profit in settling except upon the rivers or lines of railway.

ILLEGAL STILL IN ALABAMA.

IT being generally imagined that whisky is one of the necessaries of life, it could hardly be expected that the chivalric native of the South should deprive himself of the inebriating fluid. Now to buy whisky that has paid a profit to half a dozen dealers is more expensive than brewing it. Then the aforesaid native has a *constitutional* objec-



VIEW ON THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER, ALABAMA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



AN ILLEGAL STILL IN ALABAMA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

tion to government taxes, and a large one is gathered from the sale of spirits. Hence the still carries on contraband distillation in many a quiet nook of the Southern States. The sketch is from one of these.

THE GREAT FIRE IN BROADWAY.

A disastrous conflagration which occurred in New York City on February 12 swept away one of the oldest and most valuable landmarks of the city. The building destroyed was familiarly known as the "Appleton Building." It was built in 1839 by the New York Society Library Association, and occupied by that and similar associations and the Academy of Design until 1853. The narrow entrances to the building and the contracted stairways were not, however, calculated to tempt the public, and the building was abandoned by its originators, and sold in the year named to Messrs. Appleton & Co., publishers. Chittenden & Co., and others, have occupied it as a dry-goods warehouse and salesroom for some time.

The fire was discovered bursting from the building about daylight. The flames so completely enveloped the building that the engines, which were soon on the ground, could do nothing toward suppressing them. So great was the heat that the firemen could not stand in front of the building, the flames circling outward with a sound and fury perfectly appalling. Within a few hours the side and rear walls of the building fell, the interior having been burned out, and nothing remained but the front wall, as shown in the illustration which we give on page 140. The entire loss is estimated at $1,300,000.

THE ARREST OF A CORPSE.

It was not an army corps-e, but that of a man who, when in the flesh—or rather, when life was in his body—was one of the most distinguished in his calling.

Pat O'Shaughnesey was his name.

He was called Pat for short. Pat's metier was to wheel coal from a raised platform by the side of the vessels which lay at our wharf, over a narrow staging, to some coal-bins on the other side of a street which ran down the wharf. This was in Boston, where they have respectable wharves, and not the narrow, crowded, rotten concerns called piers which are the hindrance to commerce in the city of New York.

There may be occupations requiring more genius than that of wheeling coal, but when that operation is carried on over a two-foot platform, at a height of twenty feet from a cobble-stone pavement, it not only demands a scientific turn of mind to guide accurately the turn of the wheel, which all the while is out of sight, but it requires a cool head and firm hand, for it is a task of danger as well.

Pat used to boast that he "was a bully wheeler;" he "could wheel that barrow across Niagara falls widout winking. Bother your Blondin!" he would say. "Let him put a tub of coal in his barrow, and he'll say what wheeling is!" Unquestionably Pat was the best wheeler in the yard; and barrin' a spree, which laid him up from work for a day or two, he pursued this business without any of those accidents which befell his less capable or inexperienced brethren. But one day an event occurred against which even Pat O'Shaughnesey could not provide. The plank broke just as he was in the middle of it, and poor Pat's head, after a rapid descent, impinged upon the cobble-stones, arresting the circulation of the blood. His wheeling days were over. In fact, Pat was a dead Irishman! There was great grief in Pat's family over this incident, for he was a husband and the father of numerous children; there was greater sorrow, if possible, among the coal-heavers and the 'longshoremen, for, as they asserted, "He was the pride of the trade, an' a harder head an' betther fist there wusn't in the First Ward!" There was no help for it, however; Mrs. O'Shaughnesey must now depend upon her own exertions for a living, and the knuckles of the defunct coal-heaver, which had imprinted themselves upon many an ensanguined countenance, were now stiff with death.

But there was one satisfaction left to his mourning friends: they could "wake" him, and "wake" him they would. As Henry, the foreman of the yard, and I had been friends of the deceased, we were honored by an invitation to the ceremony. Neither of us had ever witnessed this singular method of an attempt to raise the dead; both our curiosity and respect for the memory of Pat led us to accept the invitation.

It was a sloppy, slippery, foggy night as we arrived at the entrance to the dark alley-way where the O'Shaughneseys lived. A dismal hole it was, and as we peered into its obscurity we might have thought it uninhabited but for the screams and yells, wild and inhuman, which re-echoed in the passage, reminding me of the howl of the coyotes on the prairie feasting upon the carcass of some dead animal.

"Black Alley," the locality where my companion and I now found ourselves, was of bad reputation. The quiet citizen whose business called him through this neighborhood always gave it a wide berth. Men and women had been violently killed there. It was the theatre of endless quarrels and fights. The police never entered Black Alley except when well armed, and then in squads. I knew the place very well, and had passed in the daytime, when a ray of sunshine rested across the topmost story of the high stone building, revealing the misery and filth within. To-night the place is black indeed. As we proceeded up the narrow inclosure the light from dirty, patched windows faintly struggled through the misty darkness. Our feet were entangled in heaps of garbage, or we stumbled into pools of mud and water, while the breath was almost suffocated with the noisome smells which filled the air. A narrow, forbidding cavern was this, with no outlet but that of the way by which we came.

"A nice hole for the cholera is this!" said Henry, as he halted for a moment upon a bit of dry stone.

"It looks—what we can see of it—more like one of the entrances to the infernal dominions," I replied. "And there are a legion of devils just let loose," I continued, as a chorus of howls broke forth in one of the houses near by.

"This must be the wake," said Henry.

"I should think so. But let us see if we can get into the place."

Guided by the noise, which had now reached a symphonic volume, variety, and continuity, we climbed a narrow stairway, and without knocking, entered the room from which the sound proceeded. I shall never forget the sight and sound and smell which met my senses at that moment.

The central object which attracted my attention was a mahogany coffin, which was placed upon two wooden stands in the centre of the room. This evidently, and as I had reason afterward to know, encased the mortal remains of the late Pat O'Shaughnesey. Two tallow-candles sputtered and dripped from the nozzles of black bottles, which flanked either end of the coffin. On its centre stood two other bottles, which did not bear candles, while several partially filled or empty glasses and cups supported the bottles in their unhappy position.

There were one or two small tables in the room. These were covered with jugs and bottles, while the assemblage of heart-stricken mourners were holding fast to mugs and cups and glasses, drinking therefrom now and then with pathetic devotion. There must have been twenty or more of these people, men and women, crowded into that small, filthy den. Some were sitting; others standing; all drinking, smoking, and howling.

"Whillew! whil-il-il-lew! arrah he wuz a brave lad, he wuz!" yelled a brawny female near me. I at once recognized her as the most successful cotton-stealer on the wharf.

"Will yez tell me, now," shouted a coal-heaver, as he staggered toward us to give us welcome, "did yez have a betther wheeler on the place than Pat, who's on his way to heaven, God bless him!"

Our questioner tried to make the sign of the cross as he finished his remark, but his inebriated finger wandered somewhat. Truth, however, and the evident objection of making any other answer, compelled me to admit that "Pat was a bully wheeler." But my reply was lost in the "arrahs," the "whill-e-e-e-lews," prolonged for many seconds, the groans, the yells, which burst forth at the moment.

"You'll take a drink?" demanded my friend of the inflamed visage.

"Certainly, and glad of the chance;" and I took the fiery poison and adroitly threw it on the floor.

"We have made a mistake to come here," I said to my friend in an undertone. "Let us keep together, and get out as soon as possible."

"Do you see that fellow in the corner talking to the man with a blue jacket?"

"Yes," I replied; "that is the man who was sent to the House of Correction for stealing iron on the wharf. How is it he is out so soon? We must keep an eye on him."

By this time Henry and I had gained a place near the window, where we could the better survey the scene, and at the same time get a breath of air. A strange sight it was, where the solemn and the ridiculous, the grotesque and the pathetic were strangely mingled—a picture for the pencil of Doré and Gavarni combined. At the head of the coffin sat the widow, her face buried in her hands, while she rocked her body to and fro in paroxysms of grief. To her, all thought and consciousness lay within the four walls of that thin coffin. She seemed to ask for no sympathy; she received none from that beastly, drunken crowd surrounding her. Beating the air with their arms, crying to the Holy Mother, shouting the prowess of the dead man, boasting of their own, some were singing, others praying, many cursing. Surely these were demons, and not men and women.

Suddenly one of the group we had noticed when we first entered the room jumped upon a table and shouted:

"It's sacrilege, it's sacrilege upon the Holy Church to have a d—d Protestant at a Catholic wake!"

"That's truth," screamed another. "What are they here for? It's a shame, it is!"

"Oh, howld your dirthy jaw," remarked one of the gentlemen who had asked us to the feast.

"Out wid the Protestant blackguards," came from the crowd in significant chorus.

"We'll say about that," was the response of our friends; and in an instant, without further conversation, these hot-headed mourners were assaulting each other right and left. The bottles flew in all directions: an earthen mug laid open the cheek of my friend, I received an ugly blow on the head. Henry was a medium-sized, compactly-built man. He could strike an awful blow. I am of a rather big-boned, muscular make, and we delayed as little as was consistent with politeness in reaching the door. In fact, we struck right and left, not minding much who went down. The row was by this time really terrific; the air was rent with howls, and curses, and groans; the women screaming at first, and then taking a hand in the fight. In the mêlée over went the coffin on the floor. Two or three of the wakers, with pious intent, in the midst of the whirling to and fro, took it in their arms and tried to replace it upon the stand, but the crowd which surged from one side to the other defeated their purpose.

"Kill the Protestant baste!" yelled our friend from the House of Correction, at the same time striking furiously at me with the leg of a table. I caught it as it fell and wrenched it from his grasp.

"Quick, Henry, get the door open! I will keep them away for a while," I cried to my companion, and with my newly-found weapon I soon made a clear space in front of me. The movement saved us, but it was the death of the corpse; for the crowd of infuriated, but now somewhat dismayed, Irishmen gave way before the rise and fall of my bludgeon. The men who bore the coffin were pushed irresistibly backward toward the window. One of them shouted:

"Take care, the windi, the windi!" and then there was a great crash of broken glass, and to my horror, which feeling was instantly lost in a supreme sense of the ludicrous, I saw the coffin with its end up disappear through the window. We at once sprang down the stairs, upsetting several persons in our descent. It was full time we had gotten away, for Black Alley was alive with its denizens of roughs and jail-birds who had rushed out to take part in the row. The unusual phenomena of a coffin falling in their midst arrested their steps.

We had barely time to see the shattered fragments of the mahogany and the sadly-abused body of Pat O'Shaughnesey, whose white cerements of the grave were shockingly stained by the filth in which it had rolled, when we heard the sharp click of a watchman's rattle, and a party of these guardians of the night rushed in, using their billies and hooks in an energetic but somewhat promiscuous way. Fortunately, we were recognized by them, and kept our heads unbroken. But the Black Alleyians and the "wakers" were taken prisoners, and, headed by the corpse, were removed to the station-house.

We heard afterward that Pat was decently buried; but no amount of personal friendship has induced us since to accept an invitation to a wake, and for no possible consideration would we ever again become parties to the Arrest of a Corpse.

Agents Wanted.—For a new patent article just introduced in the market. Ladies and Gentlemen can make a respectable living, from $5 to $20 per day. For information, inclose your envelope, addressed and stamped, to Stewart & Stevens, No. 840 Broadway, New York.

"Burnett's reputation is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of his preparations."—Burnett's Standard Flavoring Extracts and Cocoaine for the Hair, &c.—*Boston Journal.*

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D.D.& Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.

Such as:

Castor oil,
Cod-liver oil,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,
Citrate of iron and quinine,
Oil of turpentine,
Norwegian tar,
And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

Great advantage derived by exhausted and weak persons from the use of

Hoff's Malt Extract

BEVERAGE OF HEALTH.

Since the recent introduction of this celebrated HEALTH BEVERAGE, the approval of American Science, as well as of the Public, is so unanimous that HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT begins to become as popular here as in Europe.

It is recommended to weak persons generally, and for ladies of delicate constitution especially (also to ladies nursing, or after exhausting sickness); and, as a proof of its efficacy in such cases, we publish extracts of a few city letters to Mr. Hoff of Berlin, or to Hoff's Depot for America, No. 542 Broadway:

New York, *Jan.* 9, 1867.

Dear Mr. Hoff,—My physician has advised my wife to use your Malt Extract instead of Porter or Ale, and she is much benefited by it. Please to send again, &c.

J. Heller, 168 Lexington Avenue.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

Dear Mr. Hoff,—The best results were produced on the suffering condition of my lady by your Malt Extract Beverage of Health.

John Zettler, No. 168 East Twelfth St.

New York, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

Mr. Hoff,—I am obliged to say that my lady is greatly benefited by the use of your Malt Extract. It is not only a very pleasant beverage but also a very efficacious one, and strengthens the stomach as well as the nerves and the whole system. (Follows order.)

C. P. Wagner, 273 Ninth Avenue.

To Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for the wonderful effects of your Malt Extract. Since six years I suffered greatly from general weakness, but the nourishing matters of your Beverage of Health have given me new strength. Please to send &c.

Karline Schade, 106 Ludlow St.

PRICE SIX DOLLARS PER DOZEN.

One dozen and upward delivered to any part of this city and suburbs free of charge. Sold by the principal druggists and grocers.

NASBY'S Androo Johnson's Comic Life and Western Trip. It's rich, contains 40 "Kurus Kuts." 100,000 sold. Mailed free, 10 for $1; 100 for $8; single copy, 20 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA FOR MARCH. Now Ready. With extraordinary Novelties and beautiful Engravings, Stories, Games, Puzzles, &c., &c. 15 cents; yearly, $1 50, with a pearl-handled two-blade Knife, worth $1, or a Microscope, Compass, or a good Box of Paints, as a premium. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

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Full and explicit directions for cultivation are given in our new

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TO THE

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A descriptive work of 150 pages, fully illustrated with a beautiful colored plate and 100 engravings, containing a list of over 2500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds; also 150 varieties of the choicest French Hybrid Gladiolus. All the Novelties, both of the Flower and Vegetable for 1867, will be found described in the above work. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

WASHBURN & CO., Seed Merchants,
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"Tænia Solium."

Probably among the most terrible of the many human ills is the existence generally in the small intestines of the "Tænia Solium," or Common Tape Warm. These monsters are often solitary, but sometimes are found in numbers, though less numerous, fortunately, than the other intestinal worms. They sometimes occur in childhood, but more frequently after puberty, and females are more subject to them than males. They also frequently exist in large and tangled bunches, interfering mechanically with the proper performance of the intestinal functions, and when the knowledge of their presence is communicated to the patient the fearful condition of the mind adds largely to the misery of the physical suffering. It is an interesting matter to follow the "books" in the treatment for the expulsion of these monsters, if for no other reason than to study the prescribed variety. The oils of turpentine, castor, and olive; pomegranate bark; male fern, kooso, kammela, pumpkin-seed, cervadilla, oxide of silver, *et id omne genus*, have each had their day. It is equally interesting and very important to know that the standard preparation known to the world as

Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

has effected dislodgement and expulsion of the tape worm when all other medicines failed. Certainly the remedy should be procured and tested by all whose symptoms indicate the existence of the worm.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All other vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless. This efficacious remedy can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of
[8.] FLEMING BROS.

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THE CHEAPEST GOOD SEWING MACHINES.

Every Bartlett Machine is warranted for 10 years.

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Clergymen or others sending an order for *three* machines will be given an Extra Machine Free of Charge.

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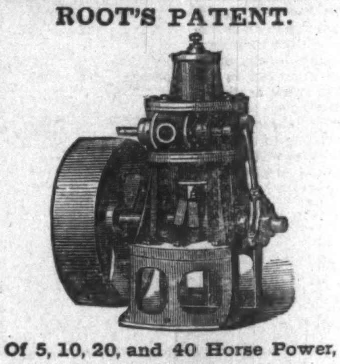
ROOT'S PATENT.



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DRUNKENNESS CURED

By Upham's Antidote. Sent by mail for $1 by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South 8th St., Philadelphia. Circulars free.

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In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

BARTLETT'S NEEDLE FACTORY.

Depot, 569 Broadway, New York.

☞ NEEDLES for ALL the SEWING MACHINES Sent post free every where. Also, The BARTLETT BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES. 200 of any or all sizes, *Sharps or Betweens*, for 50 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

Special Trade Sale,

From February 20 to April 1, 1867.

Catalogue sent to the Trade on application. Now Ready.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS
OF THE
TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

TRIUMPH, ILLINOIS, *January* 7, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTS,—My last order came to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, all new names, and all farmers. Please send as good tea as you sent before, and you will hear from us again.

Many thanks for the complimentary package. Yours truly, H. H. WORSLEY.

Please ship to Mendota (by express), Lasalle Co., Ill.

4 lbs. Young Hyson	O. Billings	at	$1 25	$5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	Wm. Austin	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	T. Hitchens	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	J. Worsley	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. C. Webster	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	John Quigley	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	James Quigley	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	D. Westgate	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	A. Austin	at	1 25	5 00
3 lbs. Young Hyson	E. Chrystler	at	1 25	3 75
3 lbs. Young Hyson	S. B. Gillett	at	1 25	3 75
1 lb. Oolong	S. B. Gillett	at	1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	D. Parsons	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Japan	D. Parsons	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	H. Presher	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Mr. Hewlett	at	1 25	2 50
51 lbs.				$63 50

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, NEAR CHURCH, Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

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With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it every man can do his own printing neatly, quickly, and cheaply. They are so simple in construction that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to go at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing a full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents.

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The largest assortment in the city. Send for circular, giving prices and showing styles, Pens repointed, 50c. by mail. E. S. Johnson & Co., 44 Nassau St., N.Y. City.

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Square, and Upright Pianos, Melodeons, and Cabinet Organs. THE BEST MANUFACTURED.

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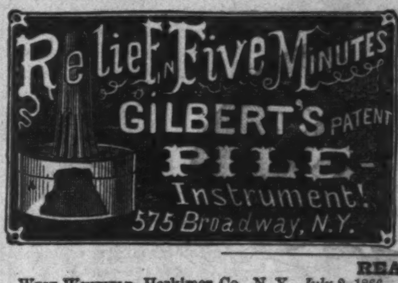

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J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint.

ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c.,

J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully,

GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

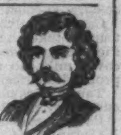
FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with CRIMPING attachment; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured.

"With single or double thread, it rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

Curls! Curls!

Samples
SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB's CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

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GENUINE
HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF
LIME AND SODA

IS THE SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION,

ALSO FOR

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Female Weaknesses, and all DISORDERS OF THE NERVOUS AND BLOOD SYSTEMS. ☞ CIRCULARS and ADVICE FREE TO ALL INQUIRERS. ☜ PRICE: $1 and $2 per Bottle; Six small or three large for $5, by Express. Sold by Druggists generally. Address J. WINCHESTER & CO., 36 John St., N. Y.

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The Parlor Steam Engine

Is free from danger. It will diffuse a delicious perfume when required. Sent postpaid for $1 00 by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

From Scientific American, Jan. 26.—Chase's Improved Dollar Microscope, although perfect in every part, is retailed at the low price of $1. Great inducements to agents. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1. Address O. N. CHASE, No. 3 Lime Street, Boston, or FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

WHISKERS.—We defy any one to produce any thing equal to our preparation for the growth of the Beard or hair. Perfectly harmless. Sent by mail for 50 cents and 2 red stamps. Address D. & T. MORRILL, Boston, Mass.

INDELLIBLE PENCIL, for marking Linen, &c. Better than Ink—warranted indellible. Will not blot—will last a lifetime. Splendid case mailed, sealed, postpaid, for 50 cts.; 12 for $4. Agents wanted. Address "PENCIL CO.," Hinsdale, N. H.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR MARCH, 1867.

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